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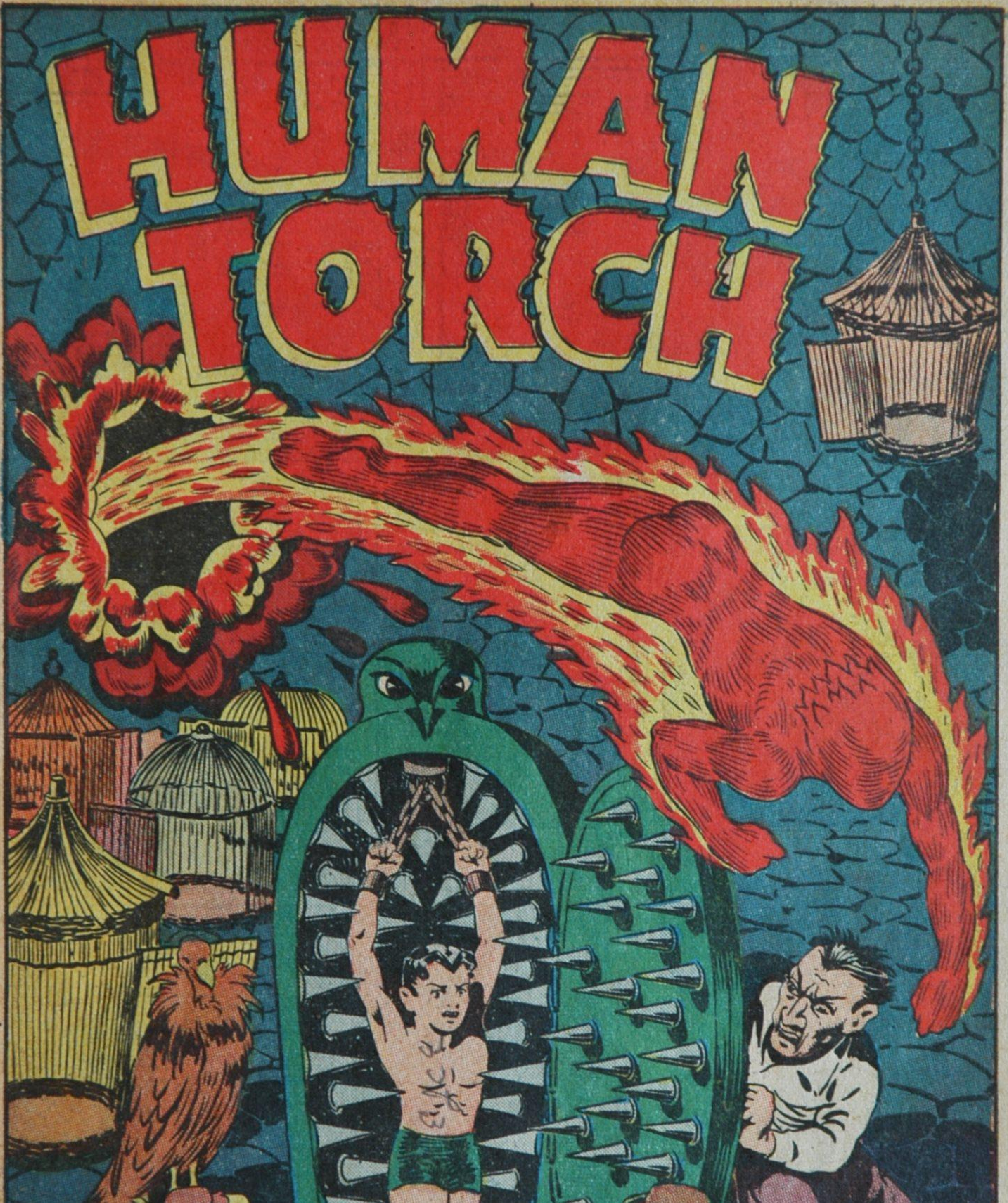

HUMAN TORCH
BLOODY TALONS OF THE FEATHERED FIENDS!

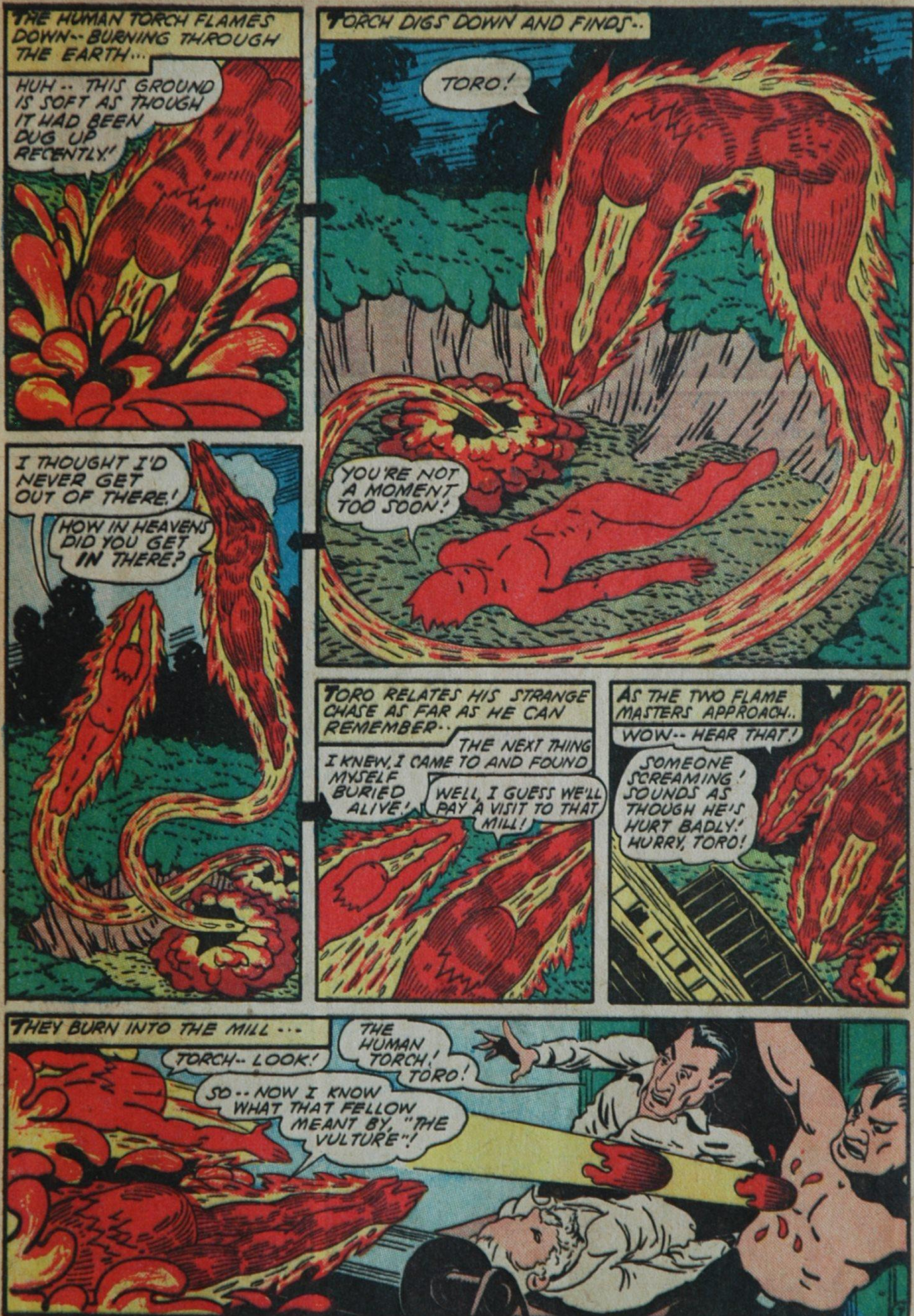
A GREAT CITY'S PEOPLE ARE AROUSED IN ANGER AS MYSTERIOUS FIRES SWEEP ITS FACTORIES!
THE F.B.I. OUGHT TO BE CALLED IN!
YEA--FOUR FIRES IN THREE DAYS--IT LOOKS TOO MUCK LIKE SABOTAGE!
IN A LUNCHROOM, A STRANGE LOOKING MAN OVERHEARS..
HA! WOULDN'T THEY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THOSE FIRES! I MUST TELL THE VULTURE OUR PLAN IS WORKING!
WHAT OF THE VULTURE --WHO IS HE? WHERE IS HIS LAIR?
HO-NIKKI--BORIS IS TALKING TOO MUCH--HIS TONGUE IS TOO LOOSE--GO FIND HIM AND KILL HIM!
YIK-K-KKK!
MEANWHILE, BORIS LEAVES THE LUNCHROOM---
NOW FOR THE PAY-OFF. THE VULTURE WILL REWARD ME GENEROUSLY!
BAR
SUDDENLY--- NIKKI CARRIES OUT HIS ORDERS!
YIKK-KKI!
THE VULTURE--YAGHHHH!
TORCH AND TORO ARE JUST LEAVING THE NEARBY FACTORY AFTER MAKING A ROUTINE CHECK WHEN BORIS SCREAMS!
GOSH, TORCH! HEAR THAT?
YES--CAME FROM UP THE BLOCK. LET'S GO!
TORCH! WHAT IS IT?
HOLY SMOKES! A VULTURE! HE ATTACKED THAT MAN!
OHHHHHHH!

FOLLOW THAT VULTURE, TORO-- I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR THE VICTIM.
HUH? OH, OKAY!
HOT DOG-- THIS IS SOMETHING NEW--TRAILING A BIRD!
SPEAK UP, MAN-- WHAT HAPPENED?
OHHH--
T-THE VULTURE-- F-FLAMING EGGS! YOOO--
WHAT? MAKE SENSE, MAN!
DEAD!-- NOW ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT FOR TORO TO RETURN!
TORO, MEANWHILE, IS STICKING CLOSE BEHIND THE SWIFT FLYING BIRD!
GOSH-- IT SURE IS DESERTED AROUND HERE-- AH! HE SEEMS TO BE SLOWING DOWN!
WHAT A NEST! A WHOLE MILL ALL TO HIMSELF--- CREEPY SORT OF PLACE!

INSIDE THE APPARENTLY DESERTED MILL...
CHKKKK - CHAWWWW!
AH, MY PET -- YOU RETURN -- I SEE BLOOD ON YOUR CLAWS -- GOOD!
THE BIRD CACKLES INCESSANTLY --- THE VULTURE LISTENS AND UNDERSTANDS!
CHUK-KAW-CUK-KAKKKLE -- KAWWW!
WHAT!? A MAN OF FLAME FOLLOWED YOU HERE? THE HUMAN TORCH!
CAUTIOUSLY -- READY TO FLAME ON AT INSTANT NOTICE, TORO ENTERS THE BUILDING.
HAVE TO BE CAREFUL OF THAT BIRD!
SUDDENLY...
CHUKAWWW!
HAH! MY CURIOUS ONE!
BLAM!
AHHH..
WHY -- THIS IS NOT THE TORCH! HE IS TORO, THE BOY -- PERHAPS HE CAN BE USED TO ADVANTAGE!
CHAW! CHEE!
PARDON, SIRE -- BUT NOVAL REFUSES TO MAKE MORE EGGS ---
WHAT? DOES HE DARE DISOBEY MY COMMANDS? -- HMM --- WE'LL SEE ---
MONGO, BURY THIS BOY IN THE GROUND -- DEEP, UNDERSTAND? I WILL CHANGE NOVAL'S MIND MEANTIME!
YES, SIRE. DEEP! GOOD!

AS MONGO CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO OUTSIDE --- THE VULTURE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO NOVAL ..
SO! YOU REFUSE TO CONTINUE!?
Y-YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE! I- I CAN'T GO ON--
YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME? BAH! I HAVE WATCHED YOU-- I KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE EGGS! HUGO! TAKE HIM OUT -- HE IS NO LONGER USEFUL!
YES, SIRE!
N-NO! Y-YOU CAN'T!
THE VULTURE STANDS CALMLY WATCHING AS HUGO PUSHES THE UNFORTUNATE SCIENTIST NEARER-NEARER TO THE GRINDING STONES!
STOP! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
IT IS TOO LATE, NOVAL!
BACK IN THE CITY, TORCH GROWS IMPATIENT WITH WAITING.
WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THE KID... GUESS I'D BETTER SCOUT AFTER HIM...
HE STARTED OFF IN THIS DIRECTION..
WHERE IS TORO? MONGO HAS HIM SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER WHILE HE SEEKS A LIKELY GRAVE.
HEE.. THIS IS PLACE TO PUT FLAME BOY IN GROUND DEEP!
SIRE VULTURE SAY TO BURY BOY DEEP! YES, DEEP!

TEN FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH...
I COVER HIM UP --- SO!
THAT IS ALL -- THE BOY IS DEAD!!
HOWEVER, TORO RECOVERS SHORTLY AFTER TO FIND HIMSELF...
GREAT FLAMING BUZZARDS! I'M BURIED ALIVE!!
HMM... STILL ENOUGH OXYGEN TO ALLOW ME TO FLAME --- BUT NOT ENOUGH SO I CAN BURN MY WAY OUT OF HERE. WHAT A PICKLE!
ON THE SURFACE, THE GROUND AROUND TORO'S GRAVE TURNS A LIVID RED...
GOSH -- I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!
AT THIS MOMENT, TORCH FLAMES OVER-HEAD!
FUNNY-- WHAT'S THAT GLOW IN THE EARTH?
LOOKS AS THOUGH THERE'S SOME KIND OF FIRE UNDER-GROUND -- I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!


THE HUMAN TORCH FLAMES DOWN-- BURNING THROUGH THE EARTH...
HUH -- THIS GROUND IS SOFT AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN DUG UP RECENTLY!
TORCH DIGS DOWN AND FINDS..
TORO!
YOU'RE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET OUT OF THERE!
HOW IN HEAVENS DID YOU GET IN THERE?
TORO RELATES HIS STRANGE CHASE AS FAR AS HE CAN REMEMBER..
THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I CAME TO AND FOUND MYSELF BURIED ALIVE!
WELL, I GUESS WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO THAT MILL!
AS THE TWO FLAME MASTERS APPROACH..
WOW-- HEAR THAT!
SOMEONE SCREAMING! SOUNDS AS THOUGH HE'S HURT BADLY! HURRY, TORO!
THEY BURN INTO THE MILL ---
TORCH-- LOOK!
THE HUMAN TORCH! TORO!
SO-- NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT FELLOW MEANT BY, "THE VULTURE"!

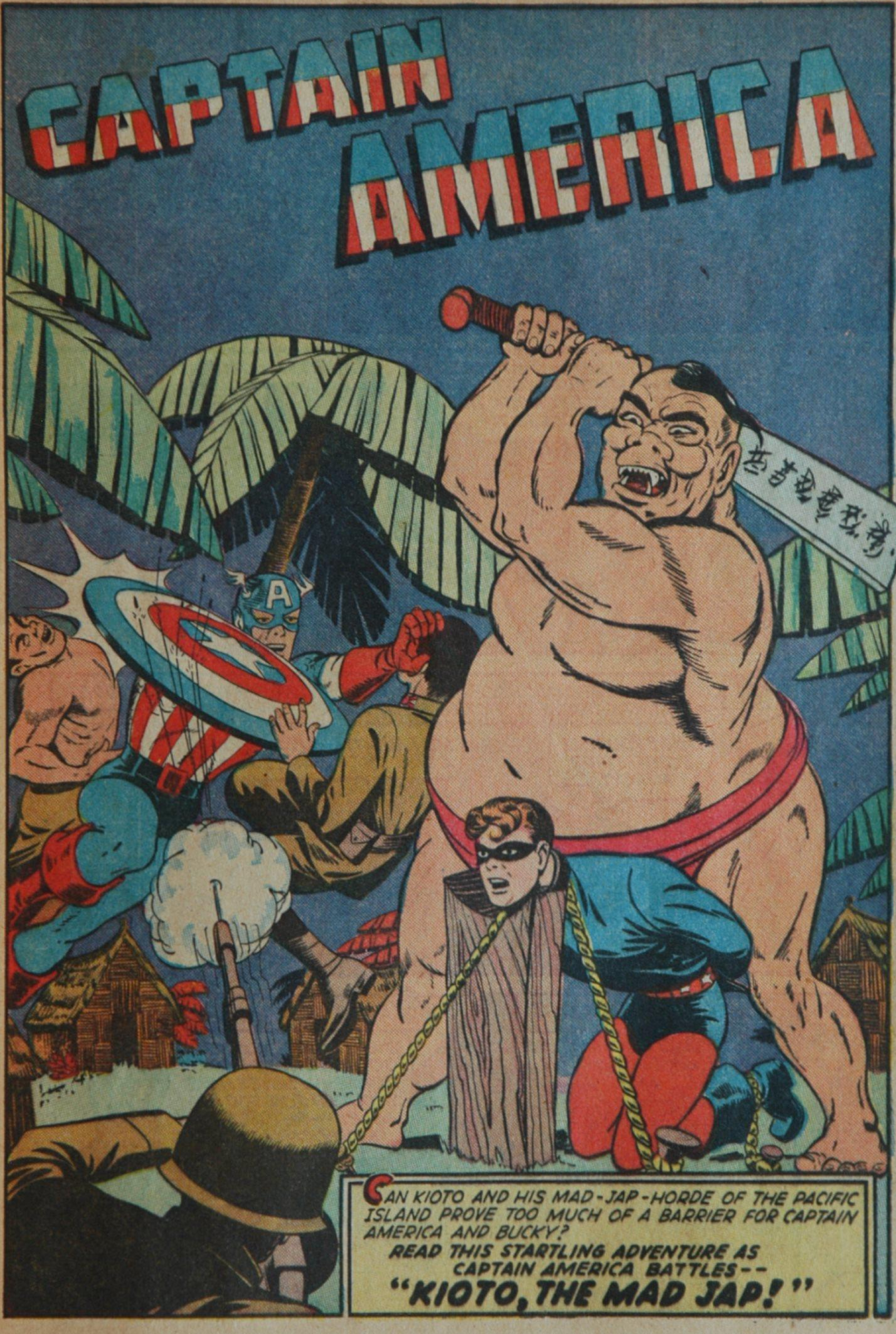
THE VULTURE SPEEDS AWAY..
HURRY, HUGO... THE TRAP DOOR!
NO YOU DON'T!
YI! YI!
...AND JUMPS THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR TO THE CELLAR!
HAH, TORCH-- YOU'LL NEVER GET THE VULTURE!
WON'T I?!
WHEN I CATCH UP TO YOU, VULTURE, ALL YOU'LL HAVE IS SINGED FEATHERS!
BUT, THE TORCH, RACING AFTER THE VULTURE, PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO A TANKFUL OF HEAVY LIQUID...
WHAT IN-- CEMENT AND ASBESTOS!
HAH! HE FELL FOR MY RUSE!
SLUG HIM, HUGO!
YES, SIRE!
UGHL-(GLUG)

HUGO SLAMS THE HEAVY CLUB DOWN ON TORCH'S HEAD WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE!
HE IS UNCONSCIOUS, SIRE, -- WHAT NOW?
BLAM!
TAKE HIM OUT AND STAND HIM IN A CORNER! AS SOON AS THE CEMENT DRIES, HE WILL BE IMPRISONED IN AN ASBESTOS SUIT! HA! IT WILL BE HIS BURIAL SUIT!
AND NOW, YOU WILL ATTEND TO THAT BOY UPSTAIRS! EH NIKKI?
HAWKAW! HAWKAW!
UPSTAIRS, TORO HAS RELEASED NOVAL AND HEARS THE STRANGE TALE FROM HIS LIPS...
SO YOU SEE, TORO -- THIS MAD VULTURE MUST BE DESTROYED!
--- AND EVERYTHING CONNECTED WITH HIM!
Then...
GO, NIKKI --- SCRATCH OUT HIS EYES!
DON'T WORRY, TORCH WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!
CHKAW!
THE DEADLY BIRD SWOOPS DOWN ON TORO -- SCREECHING HIS WARNING OF DEATH!
CHARAWWWW!
YEOW! THE VULTURE ---
JUST IN TIME, TORO FLAMES AND THE BIRD RETREATS --
GET BACK --- DEVIL BIRD!
YEOWWRRRR!

NIKKI SCREAMS AND FLEES, PAINFULLY BURNED!
BUT-- THAT WAS THE VULTURE'S VOICE! WHERE IS HE!
UP IN THE BIRD SANCTUARY! HE AND HUGO! HURRY!
YEOWRRR!
WAIT... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO TORCH FIRST...
YEOW! JUST MISSED THIS TANK OF CEMENT-- **TORCH!**
GOOD GOSH! THIS STUFF IS AS HARD AS A ROCK---
SWIFTLY, TORO CHIPS THE DRIED CEMENT FROM TORCH'S BODY...
OMIGOSH... **TORCH IS DEAD!**
I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- NOT TORCH! OH, GOSH-- TORCH! TORCH -- PLEASE SPEAK TO ME!
TORO! TORO!
HURRY-- BEFORE THE VULTURE RELEASES THE BIRDS ---
(SNIF) HUH? AW-- I DON'T CARE ANY MORE --- TORCH IS DEAD! (SNIFF)

AS TORO TURNS TOWARD THE OPENING, HE HEARS---
WHO IS DEAD?
WHA--- TORCH!!!
OH, GEE -- YOU'RE ALIVE!
YOU BET --- I STILL FEEL STICKY FROM THAT PLASTER CASING -- WHERE'S THE VULTURE, TORO?
NOVAL CALLS URGENTLY.
HURRY, TORCH- TORO - THE BIRD SANCTUARY--
WHAT'S HE MEAN?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN BUT THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE VULTURE.
THE FLAME MASTERS CUT THROUGH THE CEILING...
WHERE TO?
UP THROUGH HERE--
... AND CRASH INTO A FANTASTIC SCENE!
THE TORCH!
HOLY SMOKES! WHAT A SIGHT!
TORCH-- THOSE BIRDS HE'S LOOSED! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM-- THEY'RE CARRYING INCENDIARY EGGS!
HAH! YOU'RE TOO LATE, TORCH-- MY PETS ARE ALL OUT!
YEAH-- BUT I STILL HAVE YOU!

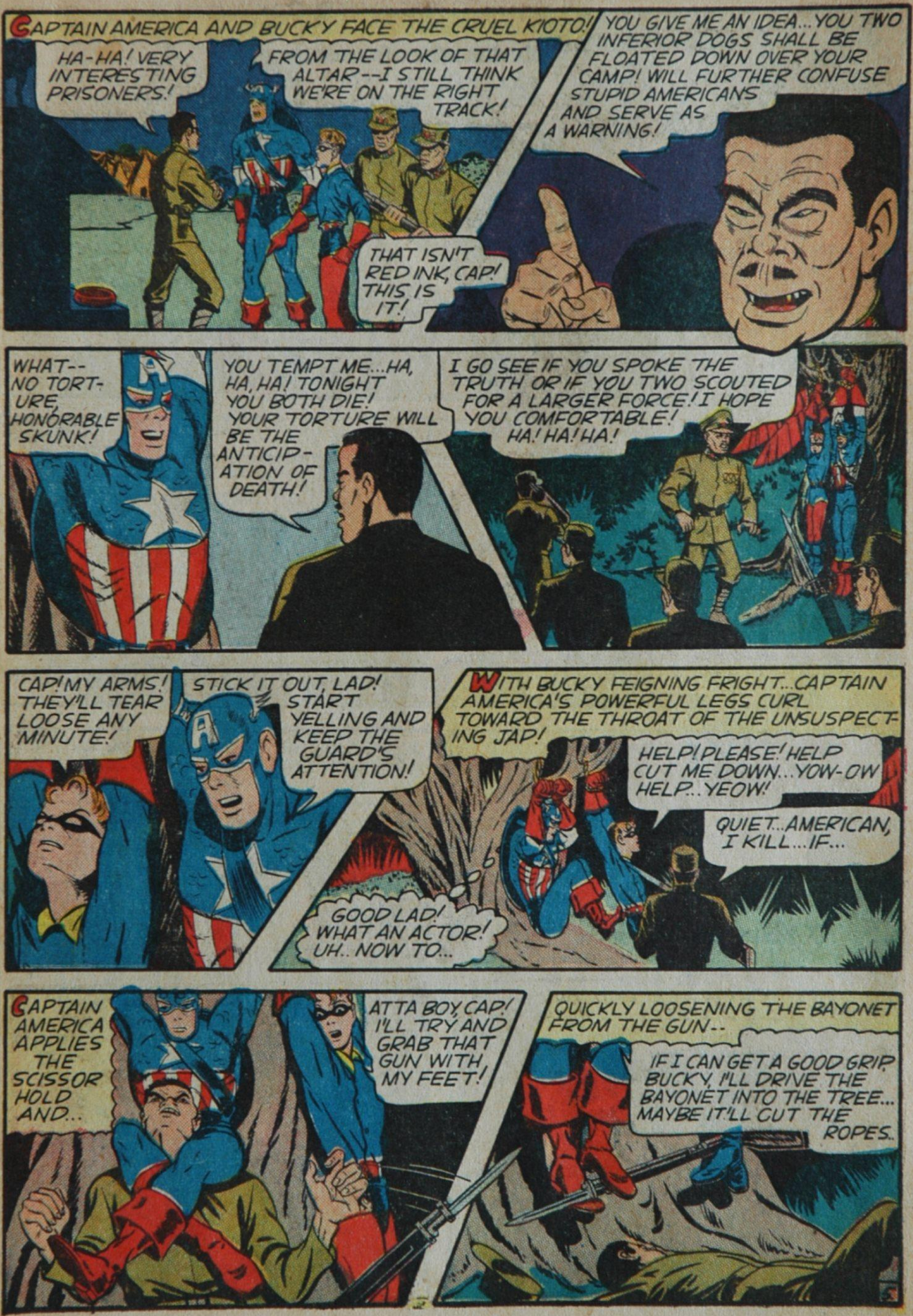
WHILE YOU MANHANDLE THE VULTURE, I'LL STOP THOSE BIRDS, TORCH!
OKAY, TORO!
YOU WON'T GET VERY FAR THIS TIME, VULTURE!
HURRY, HUGO-OUR WORK IS FINISHED HERE!
YES, SIRE-
STOP, YOU FOOLS!
FASTER, HUGO--FOLLOW ME!
AS TORCH COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER, THE VULTURE LOSES HIS HEAD AND UNWITTINGLY RUNS THROUGH THE OPEN TRAP DOOR TO DROP DOWN INTO THE POOL OF CEMENT!
MY GOSH--WELL, NO TIME TO RESCUE YOU--I'VE GOT TO HELP TORO STOP THOSE BIRDS!
YAGHHH!
AGHRRRR!
LATER, TORCH AND TORO MEET BACK AT THE MILL---
WHEW-- I'M TIRED! BUT, I THINK WE ROASTED ALL THOSE BIRDS ON THE WING!
AND THE VULTURE AND HUGO ARE NOW RESTING ON THE BOTTOM OF THAT ROCKY POOL THEY MADE!
THERE WAS ONE OTHER MAN, MONGO--I HAVE HIM TIED UP INSIDE!
OH, NOVAL--HOW ABOUT SOME EXPLANATION FROM YOU?
I'M A CHEMIST, TORCH--THE VULTURE FORCED ME TO MAKE INCENDIARY EGGS FOR HIM! THE BIRDS WERE TRAINED TO DROP THESE EGGS OVER DEFENSE FACTORIES...
I SEE--WELL, THAT EXPLAINS ALL THOSE FIRES WE'VE HAD RECENTLY!
HA! HA! THE VULTURE SURE LAID ONE EGG TOO MANY THIS TIME!

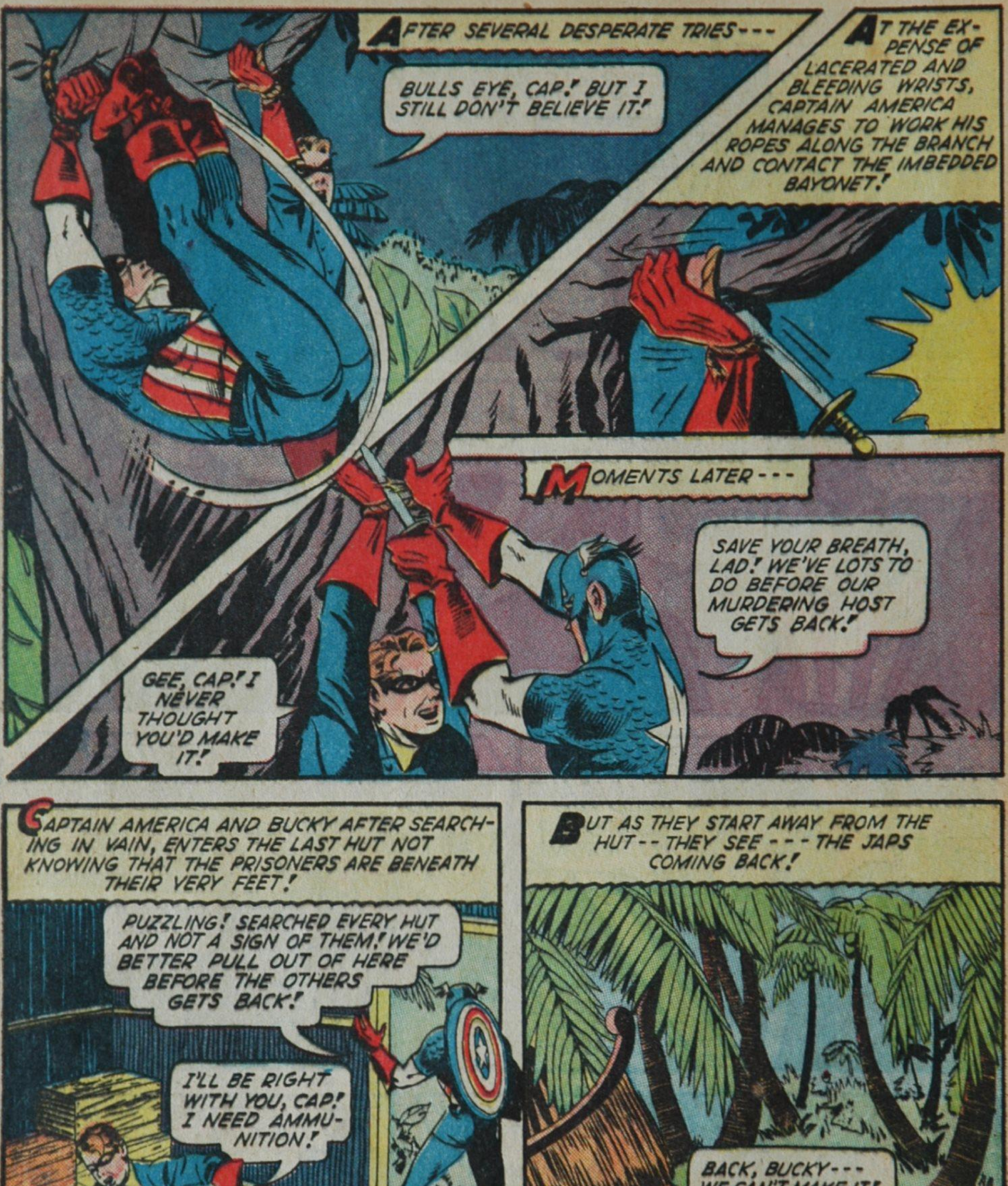

CAPTAIN AMERICA
CAN KIOTO AND HIS MAD-JAP-HORDE OF THE PACIFIC ISLAND PROVE TOO MUCH OF A BARRIER FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY?
READ THIS STARTLING ADVENTURE AS CAPTAIN AMERICA BATTLES--
"KIOTO, THE MAD JAP!"

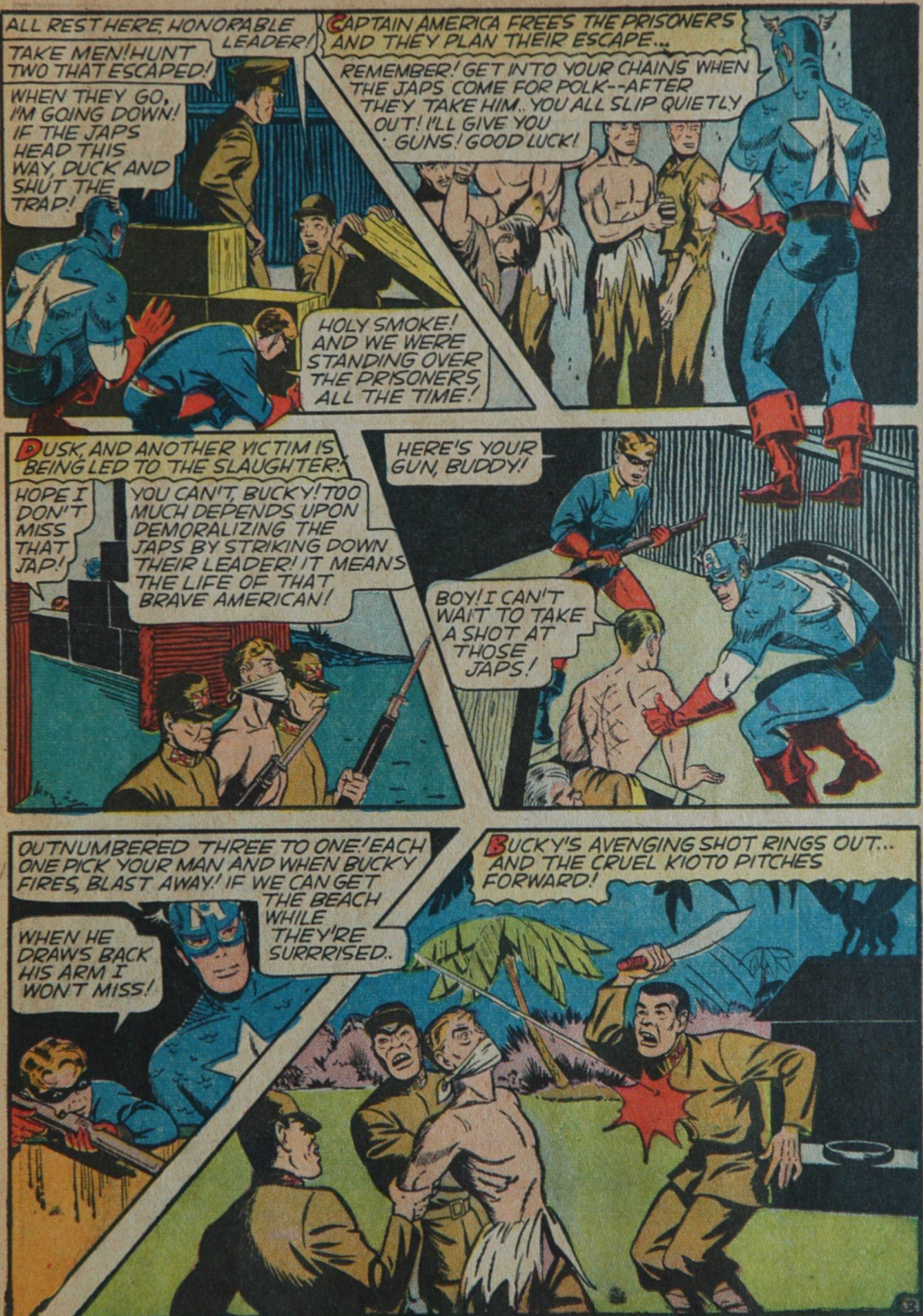
SOMEWHERE ON A JAP HELD ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC---
OH NOBLE AND HONORABLE FATHER-- THY SHAME AND DISHONOR IS AVENGED! THIS DAY, YET ANOTHER AMERICAN DIED BY THE SACRED SWORD TO BE SENT BACK BY HIS OWN!
TELL YOUR MEN TO KEEP SHARP LOOKOUT! I BE BACK NEXT SUNDOWN!
MY PEOPLE WATCH WHITE MAN, BUT NO GET BULLETS PROMISED!
FILTHY SAVAGE PIG--THAT WILL TEACH YOU--CAPTAIN KIOTO WILL BE IN CHARGE! SHOOT THE FIRST NATIVE THAT DARES TO DISPUTE!
CAPTAIN KIOTO TAKES OVER!
CAPTAIN KIOTO--I SEND BACK REINFORCEMENTS! TAKE CARE OF OUR PRISONERS!
AND IN THE DANK HOLE BELOW A NATIVE HUT--THE CRUEL KIOTO TAUNTS THE NEXT VICTIM WITH HATE!
DOG! YOU WILL SCREAM FOR MERCY!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU'LL NEVER GET A RISE OUT OF ME, YOU WORM!
MEANWHILE, THE SAME DRONE OF A PLANE IS HEARD AT AN AMERICAN CAMP AND ANOTHER MURDERED AMERICAN PRISONER COMES FLOATING DOWN!
THIS MAKES THE SIXTH!
AND THE SAME JAP NOTE PINNED ON HIM!
POOR GUY!
AND AT HEADQUARTERS---
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO FIND THOSE POOR DEVILS--PLANES HAVE SCOUTED FOR 500 MILES--BUT WITH SO MANY SMALL ISLANDS, IT'LL TAKE MONTHS!

AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, STEVE ROGERS ON GUARD DUTY, IS PLUNGED INTO THE MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS!
HMM? SOUNDS LIKE A JAP PLANE... HOPE IT ISN'T ANOTHER POOR GUY... HEY! WHAT THE...?
QUICKLY UNWRAPPING THE BARK TIED TO THE SPEAR, STEVE'S HEART SKIPS A BEAT AS HE REALIZES THE IMPORT OF THE CRUDELY DRAWN MAP!
I'LL BE OFF DUTY IN A FEW MINUTES! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE JOB I'M AFTER!
(YAWN) WHAT'S THE--- CAP? SOMETHING UP?
SHHH! HURRY AND DRESS, BUCKY... WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!
MOMENTS LATER---
IF THE MAP IS A TIP OFF WHERE THE AMERICANS ARE BEING HELD, WHY DIDN'T WE REPORT IT AND GET A RESCUE PARTY TO GO OVER?
BECAUSE IT MAY BE A JAP TRAP! WE CAN SLIP UP ON THEM!
AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY REACH THEIR DESTINATION, THEY ARE OBSERVED!
WE'LL LEAVE THE BOAT HERE! CAREFUL, THESE BUSHES ARE FULL OF NATIVES!
OKAY, CAP! I'LL GET THIS MACHINE GUN WORKING!
HOW DO WE KNOW THEY WEREN'T SENT BY THE JAPS, CAP?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUCKY! PUT UP THE GUN! THIS CHIEF SENT THE MESSAGE AND HE'S DISAPPOINTED THAT A LARGE FORCE DIDN'T ARRIVE! HE'S BURNED UP BECAUSE OF THE JAPS!
THE NATIVES START LEADING THEM TO THE JAP CAMP---BUT SUDDENLY---
AMBUSHED! QUICK--TAKE COVER!
YOWEE! JAPS! HERE'S WHERE THIS RIVETER STARTS TO CHATTER!
3

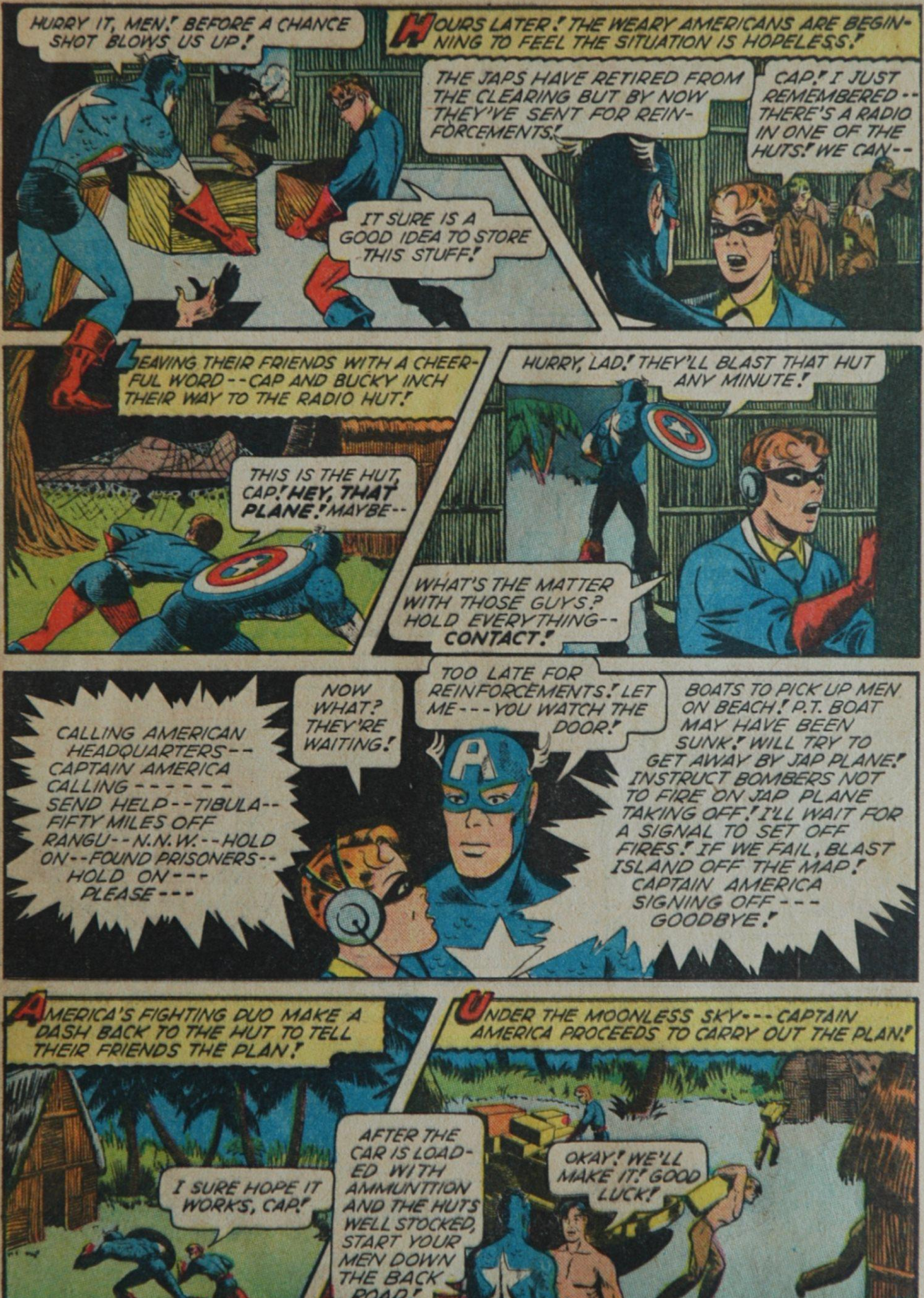
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER!
TRY THIS STOMACH MASSAGE!
NO KILL! HONORABLE LEADER SAY MAKE PRISONERS!
(GROAN) NO MORE AMMUNITION! AND PLENTY OF JAPS STILL STANDING!
TAKE THAT!
BUCKY! ARE ALL RIGHT?
OUCH, MY NOGGIN! THE ROOF CAVED IN!
BUT IN SPITE OF HEROIC RESISTANCE--- THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT---AND THEY'RE CAPTURED AND LED AWAY!
AND EVEN AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE BEING BROUGHT TO THE JAP CAMP---A RUNNER MAKES HIS REPORT OF THE CAPTURE TO KIOTO---
--MAY BE AMERICAN TRICK! PLEASE TO GAG PRISONERS BELOW! I WILL NOT BE CHEATED OF MY VENGEANCE! MY OTHER PRISONERS MUST NOT BE FOUND!


CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FACE THE CRUEL KIOTO!
HA-HA! VERY INTERESTING PRISONERS!
FROM THE LOOK OF THAT ALTAR--I STILL THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
THAT ISN'T RED INK, CAP! THIS IS IT!
YOU GIVE ME AN IDEA...YOU TWO INFERIOR DOGS SHALL BE FLOATED DOWN OVER YOUR CAMP! WILL FURTHER CONFUSE STUPID AMERICANS AND SERVE AS A WARNING!
WHAT--NO TORTURE, HONORABLE SKUNK!
YOU TEMPT ME...HA, HA, HA! TONIGHT YOU BOTH DIE! YOUR TORTURE WILL BE THE ANTICIPATION OF DEATH!
I GO SEE IF YOU SPOKE THE TRUTH OR IF YOU TWO SCOUTED FOR A LARGER FORCE! I HOPE YOU COMFORTABLE! HA! HA! HA!
CAP! MY ARMS! THEY'LL TEAR LOOSE ANY MINUTE!
STICK IT OUT, LAD! START YELLING AND KEEP THE GUARD'S ATTENTION!
WITH BUCKY FEIGNING FRIGHT...CAPTAIN AMERICA'S POWERFUL LEGS CURL TOWARD THE THROAT OF THE UNSUSPECTING JAP!
HELP! PLEASE! HELP CUT ME DOWN...YOW-OW HELP...YEOW!
QUIET...AMERICAN, I KILL...IF...
GOOD LAD! WHAT AN ACTOR! UH.. NOW TO...
CAPTAIN AMERICA APPLIES THE SCISSOR HOLD AND...
ATTA BOY, CAP! I'LL TRY AND GRAB THAT GUN WITH MY FEET!
QUICKLY LOOSENING THE BAYONET FROM THE GUN--
IF I CAN GET A GOOD GRIP, BUCKY, I'LL DRIVE THE BAYONET INTO THE TREE... MAYBE IT'LL CUT THE ROPES..

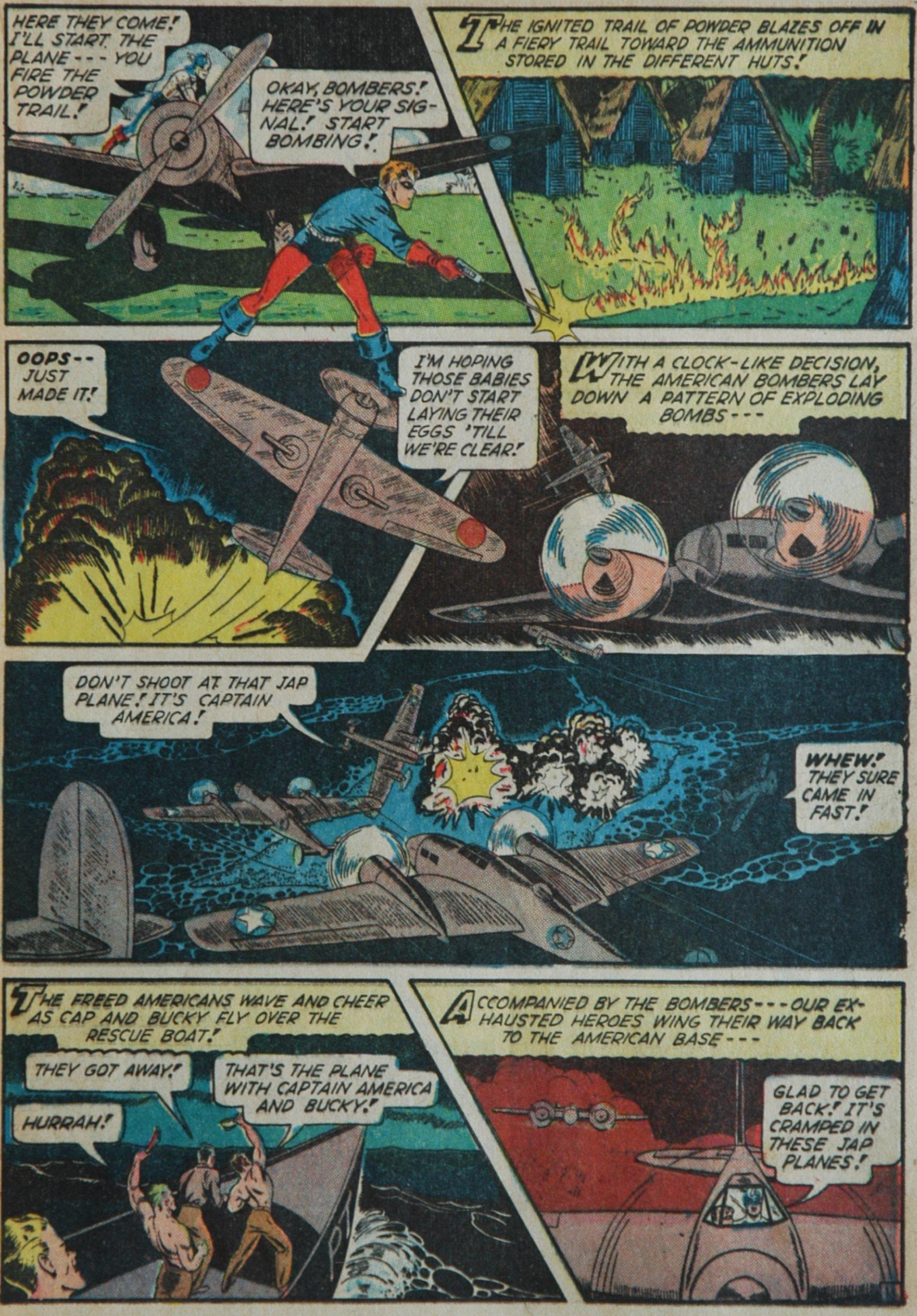

AFTER SEVERAL DESPERATE TRIES---
BULLS EYE, CAP! BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AT THE EXPENSE OF LACERATED AND BLEEDING WRISTS, CAPTAIN AMERICA MANAGES TO WORK HIS ROPES ALONG THE BRANCH AND CONTACT THE IMBEDDED BAYONET!
MOMENTS LATER---
SAVE YOUR BREATH, LAD! WE'VE LOTS TO DO BEFORE OUR MURDERING HOST GETS BACK!
GEE, CAP! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE IT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AFTER SEARCHING IN VAIN, ENTERS THE LAST HUT NOT KNOWING THAT THE PRISONERS ARE BENEATH THEIR VERY FEET!
PUZZLING! SEARCHED EVERY HUT AND NOT A SIGN OF THEM! WE'D BETTER PULL OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE OTHERS GETS BACK!
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP! I NEED AMMUNITION!
BUT AS THEY START AWAY FROM THE HUT--THEY SEE---THE JAPS COMING BACK!
BACK, BUCKY--- WE CAN'T MAKE IT!


ALL REST HERE, HONORABLE LEADER!
TAKE MEN! HUNT TWO THAT ESCAPED!
WHEN THEY GO, I'M GOING DOWN! IF THE JAPS HEAD THIS WAY, DUCK AND SHUT THE TRAP!
HOLY SMOKE! AND WE WERE STANDING OVER THE PRISONERS ALL THE TIME!
CAPTAIN AMERICA FREES THE PRISONERS AND THEY PLAN THEIR ESCAPE...
REMEMBER! GET INTO YOUR CHAINS WHEN THE JAPS COME FOR POLK--AFTER THEY TAKE HIM.. YOU ALL SLIP QUIETLY OUT! I'LL GIVE YOU GUNS! GOOD LUCK!
DUSK, AND ANOTHER VICTIM IS BEING LED TO THE SLAUGHTER!
HOPE I DON'T MISS THAT JAP!
YOU CAN'T, BUCKY! TOO MUCH DEPENDS UPON DEMORALIZING THE JAPS BY STRIKING DOWN THEIR LEADER! IT MEANS THE LIFE OF THAT BRAVE AMERICAN!
HERE'S YOUR GUN, BUDDY!
BOY! I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE A SHOT AT THOSE JAPS!
OUTNUMBERED THREE TO ONE! EACH ONE PICK YOUR MAN AND WHEN BUCKY FIRES, BLAST AWAY! IF WE CAN GET THE BEACH WHILE THEY'RE SURRRISED..
WHEN HE DRAWS BACK HIS ARM I WONT MISS!
BUCKY'S AVENGING SHOT RINGS OUT... AND THE CRUEL KIOTO PITCHES FORWARD!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ZOTO IS DRAWING NEARER THE CAMP WITH REINFORCEMENTS!
SOUND OF GUNS! PLEASE GIVE ORDERS TO CHARGE!
TRAPPED! WITH FREEDOM FOR THE TORTURED AMERICAN PRISONERS IN SIGHT! --- THE BRAVE BAND LEAD BY OUR TWO HEROES IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TWO ENEMY FORCES!
NOW WE'RE IN DUTCH!
COME ON, BUCKY! FOLLOW ME!
IN A STARTLING MOVE, CAPTAIN AMERICA TRIES FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE CAR -- AND ---
YAHOO! NOW YOU'RE COOKIN', CAP!
HEAD FOR THE NIPS IN THE CLEARING -- IF WE CAN MAKE THE HUT --
ALL ABOARD! TOOT! TOOT! THE AMERICAN SPECIAL!
INTO THE HUT! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
MADE IT!
8.


HURRY IT, MEN! BEFORE A CHANCE SHOT BLOWS US UP!
IT SURE IS A GOOD IDEA TO STORE THIS STUFF!
HOURS LATER! THE WEARY AMERICANS ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL THE SITUATION IS HOPELESS!
THE JAPS HAVE RETIRED FROM THE CLEARING BUT BY NOW THEY'VE SENT FOR REINFORCEMENTS!
CAP! I JUST REMEMBERED -- THERE'S A RADIO IN ONE OF THE HUTS! WE CAN--
LEAVING THEIR FRIENDS WITH A CHEERFUL WORD -- CAP AND BUCKY INCH THEIR WAY TO THE RADIO HUT!
THIS IS THE HUT, CAP! HEY, THAT PLANE! MAYBE--
HURRY, LAD! THEY'LL BLAST THAT HUT ANY MINUTE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE GUYS? HOLD EVERYTHING-- CONTACT!
CALLING AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS-- CAPTAIN AMERICA CALLING ------ SEND HELP--TIBULA-- FIFTY MILES OFF RANGU--N.N.W.--HOLD ON--FOUND PRISONERS-- HOLD ON--- PLEASE---
NOW WHAT? THEY'RE WAITING!
TOO LATE FOR REINFORCEMENTS! LET ME---YOU WATCH THE DOOR!
BOATS TO PICK UP MEN ON BEACH! P.T. BOAT MAY HAVE BEEN SUNK! WILL TRY TO GET AWAY BY JAP PLANE! INSTRUCT BOMBERS NOT TO FIRE ON JAP PLANE TAKING OFF! I'LL WAIT FOR A SIGNAL TO SET OFF FIRES! IF WE FAIL, BLAST ISLAND OFF THE MAP! CAPTAIN AMERICA SIGNING OFF--- GOODBYE!
AMERICA'S FIGHTING DUO MAKE A DASH BACK TO THE HUT TO TELL THEIR FRIENDS THE PLAN!
I SURE HOPE IT WORKS, CAP!
UNDER THE MOONLESS SKY--- CAPTAIN AMERICA PROCEEDS TO CARRY OUT THE PLAN!
AFTER THE CAR IS LOADED WITH AMMUNTTION AND THE HUTS WELL STOCKED, START YOUR MEN DOWN THE BACK ROAD!
OKAY! WE'LL MAKE IT! GOOD LUCK!

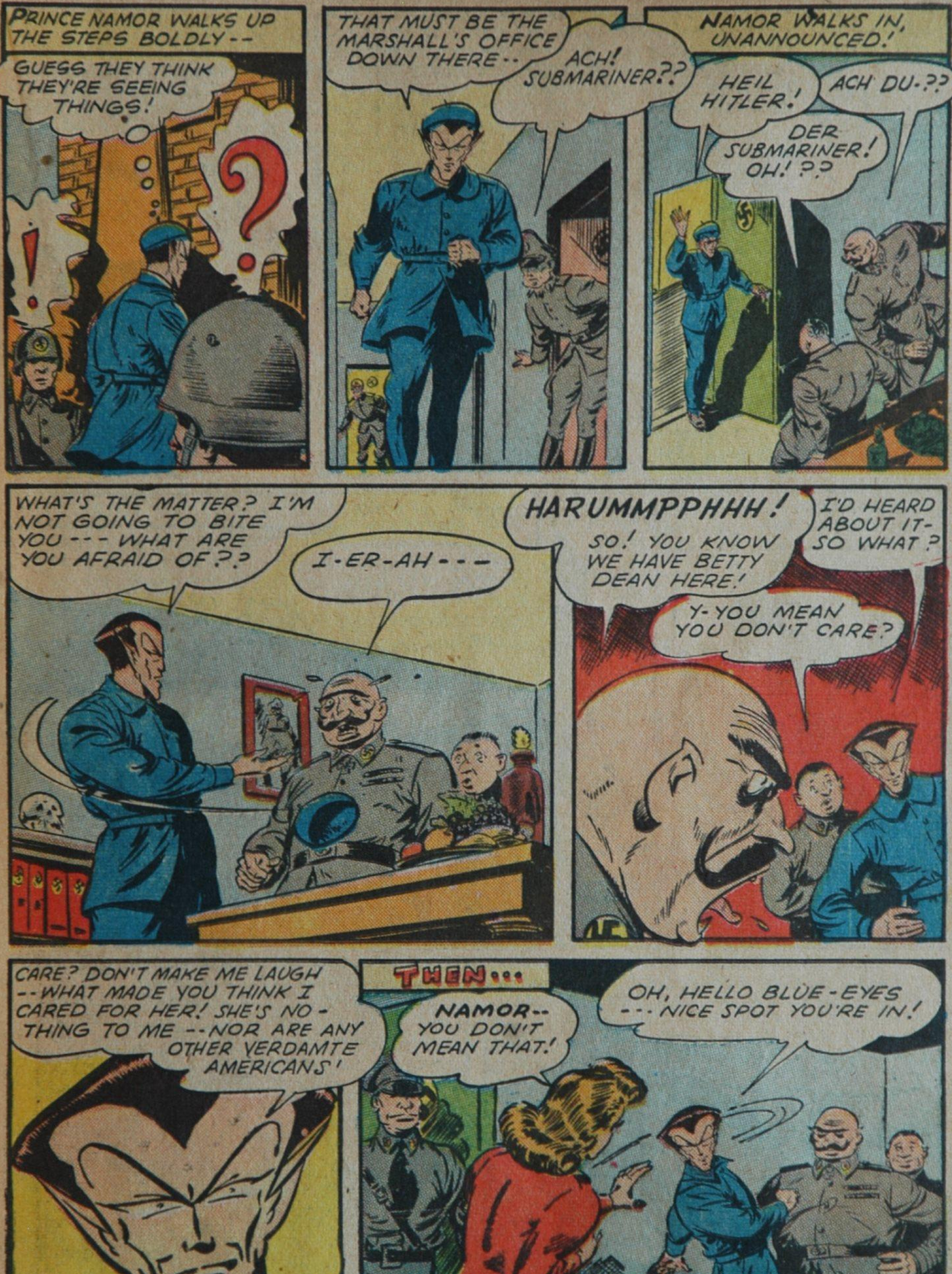
WHEW! GLAD THE AMMUNITION IS IN THIS CAR AND IN OTHER HUTS!
GET READY TO FIRE INTO THE POWDER! WE'LL GIVE IT A GOOD START!
T.N.T.
READY?--WAIT UNTIL THE CAR IS FIFTY YARDS AWAY--THEN SHOOT AT IT! THE JAPS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!
YOU DID IT, BUCKY! WE'RE NOT OF IT YET--COME ON!
ZOW-EE! A BULL'S EYE!
I CAN FINISH THIS! YOU TRY TO GET THAT COVERING OFF THE PLANE WITHOUT BRINGING THE JAPS DOWN AROUND OUR EARS, EH?
RIGHT! HOPE OUR LUCK HOLDS!
WHAT'S KEEPING OUR BOMBERS? BEEN ALMOST AN HOUR SINCE WE CALLED!
THOSE JAPS ARE UP TO SOMETHING! TOO QUIET! LOOK SHARP AND IF THEY RUSH US--HOLD THEM OFF WHILE I GET THE MOTOR STARTED!
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT---
IS PECULIAR---AMERICANS NOT FIRED FOR LONG TIME--PLEASE TO HAVE MEN CREEP TO EDGE AND CHARGE!
---ONLY A FEW FLYING MINUTES AWAY---A WEDGE OF AMERICAN BOMBERS WINGS ITS WAY TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA!

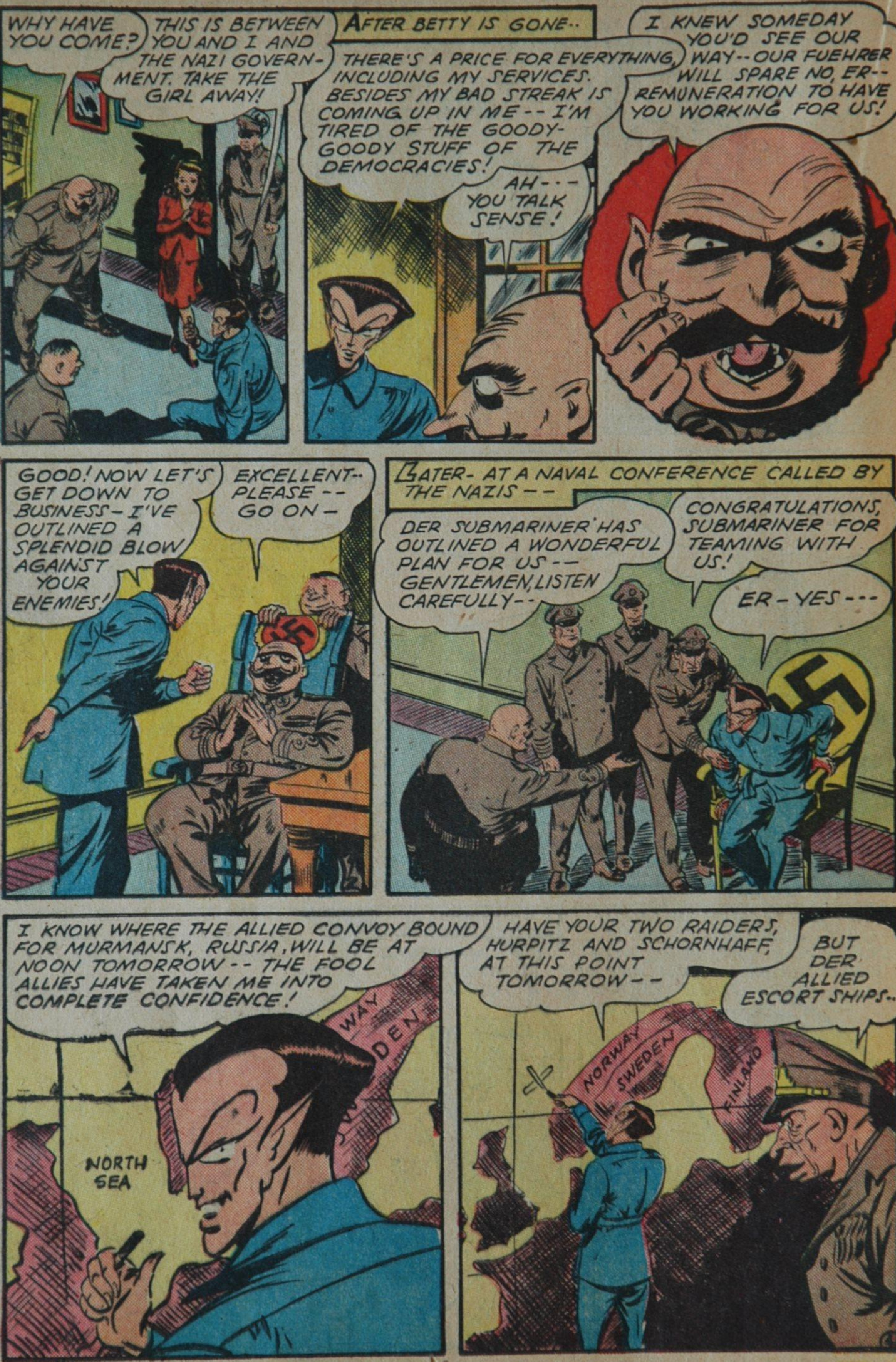

HERE THEY COME! I'LL START THE PLANE --- YOU FIRE THE POWDER TRAIL!
OKAY, BOMBERS! HERE'S YOUR SIGNAL! START BOMBING!
THE IGNITED TRAIL OF POWDER BLAZES OFF IN A FIERY TRAIL TOWARD THE AMMUNITION STORED IN THE DIFFERENT HUTS!
OOPS -- JUST MADE IT!
I'M HOPING THOSE BABIES DON'T START LAYING THEIR EGGS 'TILL WE'RE CLEAR!
WITH A CLOCK-LIKE DECISION, THE AMERICAN BOMBERS LAY DOWN A PATTERN OF EXPLODING BOMBS ---
DON'T SHOOT AT THAT JAP PLANE! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHEW! THEY SURE CAME IN FAST!
THE FREED AMERICANS WAVE AND CHEER AS CAP AND BUCKY FLY OVER THE RESCUE BOAT!
THEY GOT AWAY!
THAT'S THE PLANE WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
HURRAH!
ACCOMPANIED BY THE BOMBERS --- OUR EXHAUSTED HEROES WING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE AMERICAN BASE ---
GLAD TO GET BACK! IT'S CRAMPED IN THESE JAP PLANES!

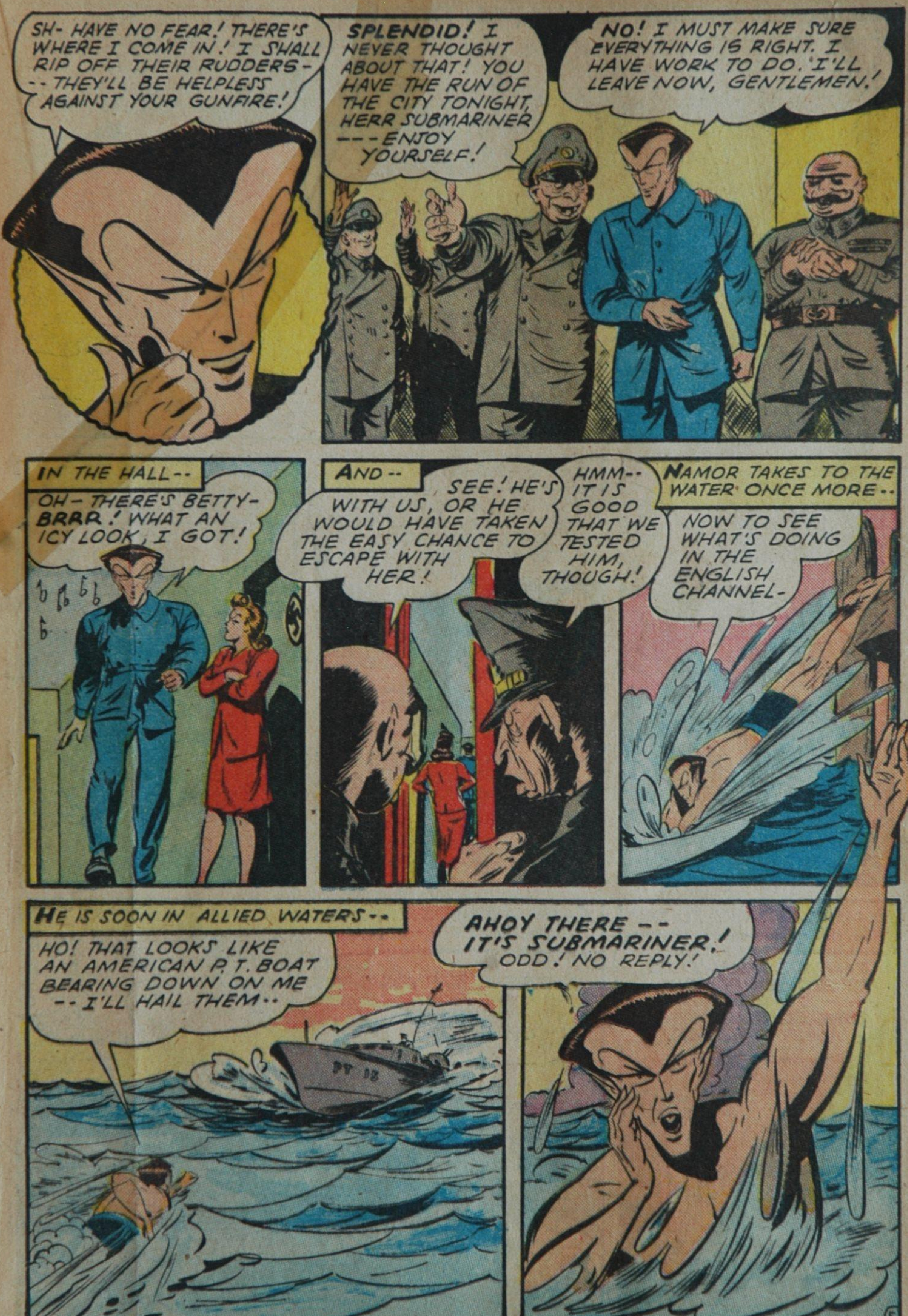
YOU TWO HAVE EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF EVERY AMERICAN!
HOORAY!
'RAY FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I'LL SEE THAT THE REPORT GOES TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT ONCE!
HAD TO GET AWAY---MUST CHANGE CLOTHES!
WHAT--WHERE? HE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!
I DIDN'T EVEN SEE CAP GO! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF TO CHANGE CLOTHES!
LATER----
I BETTER LOOK FOR STEVE! OH--OH!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! WHERE'S THAT STOOP PAL O' YOURS?
COME ON! MAKE UP YOUR MIND! WHERE'S PRIVATE ROGERS?
OH, HERE YOU ARE! WHERE YA BEEN ALL THE TIME, PRIVATE ROGERS?
HELLO, SARGE! I CAUGHT ME A SNOOZE IN THE WOODS! THAT GUARD DUTY SURE MAKES A GUY SLEEP!
HMM--FER A MINUTE I WAS THINKIN'! AW-- I'M NUTS! GUESS I NEED FOOD!
THERE'S THE BUGLE! MESS CALL!
I'M STEE-ARVED!
THE END

SUB-MARINER
ALIBI FOR GRIM DECEIT!

NAZI MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS - BERLIN.
GENTLEMEN -- ALL ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE **SUBMARINER** HAVE FAILED PRINCIPALLY BECAUSE WE ALWAYS USED FORCE --
JA, HERR MARSHALL KRONIN!
GERMANY 1943
ADOLPH H
SHUT OPP, GEZUNK! NOW, I HAVE OUTLINED A PLAN THAT'S SURE TO SUCCEED. IT INVOLVES THE ABDUCTION OF BETTY DEAN, POLICE-WOMAN IN NEW YORK CITY -- YOU SEE, DER SUBMARINER ISS IN LUFF WITH HER!
EXCELLENT, YOUR EXCELLENCY!
DAYS LATER, WE SEE SUBMARINER IN HIS UNDERSEA KINGDOM --
WITH A LULL IN THE FIGHTING IN EUROPE, I'M WONDERING IF ---
SUDDENLY ---
PRINCE NAMOR! OUR HYDRO-RADIO HAS PICKED UP A LAND DISPATCH -- BETTY DEAN HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE NAZIS!
THUNDERING TADPOLES! WHAT?
IF THOSE FILTHY VERMIN TOUCH HER, I'LL -- WAIT A MINUTE - I'LL BET THEY KIDNAPPED HER TO BAIT ME!
SOME TIME LATER, ON THE COAST OF SOUTHERN FRANCE --
FROM HERE, I CAN MAKE MY WAY TO BERLIN UNIMPEDED!
STILL LATER --- **BERLIN!**
THERE'S NAZI MILITARY INTELLIGENCE -- MARSHALL KRONIN'S HEADQUARTERS!
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
2


PRINCE NAMOR WALKS UP THE STEPS BOLDLY--
GUESS THEY THINK THEY'RE SEEING THINGS!
!
?
THAT MUST BE THE MARSHALL'S OFFICE DOWN THERE--
ACH! SUBMARINER??
NAMOR WALKS IN, UNANNOUNCED!
HEIL HITLER!
ACH DU-??
DER SUBMARINER! OH!??
WHAT'S THE MATTER? I'M NOT GOING TO BITE YOU --- WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF??
I-ER-AH ---
HARUMMPPHHH!
SO! YOU KNOW WE HAVE BETTY DEAN HERE!
I'D HEARD ABOUT IT- SO WHAT?
Y-YOU MEAN YOU DON'T CARE?
CARE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH --WHAT MADE YOU THINK I CARED FOR HER! SHE'S NO-THING TO ME --NOR ARE ANY OTHER VERDAMTE AMERICANS!
THEN...
NAMOR-- YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!
OH, HELLO BLUE-EYES --- NICE SPOT YOU'RE IN!
3


WHY HAVE YOU COME?
THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND I AND THE NAZI GOVERNMENT. TAKE THE GIRL AWAY!
AFTER BETTY IS GONE..
THERE'S A PRICE FOR EVERYTHING, INCLUDING MY SERVICES. BESIDES MY BAD STREAK IS COMING UP IN ME -- I'M TIRED OF THE GOODY-GOODY STUFF OF THE DEMOCRACIES!
AH -- YOU TALK SENSE!
I KNEW SOMEDAY YOU'D SEE OUR WAY -- OUR FUEHRER WILL SPARE NO, ER -- REMUNERATION TO HAVE YOU WORKING FOR US!
GOOD! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS - I'VE OUTLINED A SPLENDID BLOW AGAINST YOUR ENEMIES!
EXCELLENT -- PLEASE -- GO ON -
LATER - AT A NAVAL CONFERENCE CALLED BY THE NAZIS --
DER SUBMARINER HAS OUTLINED A WONDERFUL PLAN FOR US -- GENTLEMEN, LISTEN CAREFULLY --
CONGRATULATIONS, SUBMARINER FOR TEAMING WITH US!
ER - YES ---
I KNOW WHERE THE ALLIED CONVOY BOUND FOR MURMANSK, RUSSIA, WILL BE AT NOON TOMORROW -- THE FOOL ALLIES HAVE TAKEN ME INTO COMPLETE CONFIDENCE!
WAY
DEN
NORTH SEA
HAVE YOUR TWO RAIDERS, HURPITZ AND SCHORNHAFF, AT THIS POINT TOMORROW --
BUT DER ALLIED ESCORT SHIPS..
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND

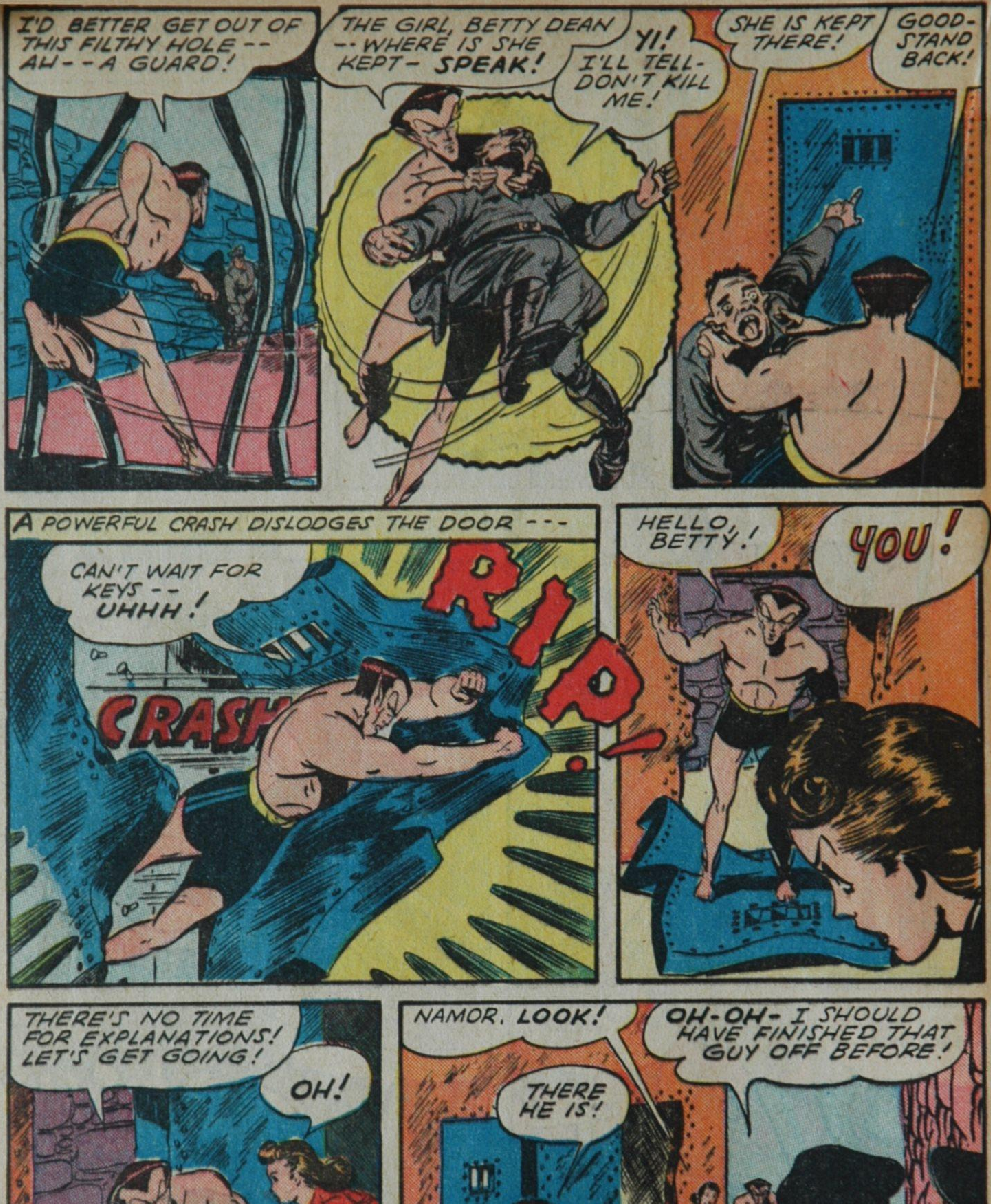

SH- HAVE NO FEAR! THERE'S WHERE I COME IN! I SHALL RIP OFF THEIR RUDDERS- -- THEY'LL BE HELPLESS AGAINST YOUR GUNFIRE!
SPLENDID! I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT! YOU HAVE THE RUN OF THE CITY TONIGHT, HERR SUBMARINER ---ENJOY YOURSELF!
NO! I MUST MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS RIGHT. I HAVE WORK TO DO. I'LL LEAVE NOW, GENTLEMEN!
IN THE HALL--
OH- THERE'S BETTY- BRRR! WHAT AN ICY LOOK I GOT!
AND--
SEE! HE'S WITH US, OR HE WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE EASY CHANCE TO ESCAPE WITH HER!
HMM-- IT IS GOOD THAT WE TESTED HIM, THOUGH!
NAMOR TAKES TO THE WATER ONCE MORE--
NOW TO SEE WHAT'S DOING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL-
HE IS SOON IN ALLIED WATERS--
HO! THAT LOOKS LIKE AN AMERICAN P.T. BOAT BEARING DOWN ON ME -- I'LL HAIL THEM--
PT 18
AHOY THERE -- IT'S SUBMARINER! ODD! NO REPLY!

SUDDENLY--- GUNFIRE –
BOOM! BOOM!
P-15
YIPES! THEY'RE FIRING ON ME! I BETTER DUCK!
SECONDS LATER, AFTER HE DIVES--
MINUS A RUDDER, THIS CRAFT WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ME!
THERE! NOW TO HEAD FOR LONDON AND FIND OUT WHY THE AMERICAN BOAT ATTACKED ME!
LATER--LONDON--
WOW! NOW I'M AN ENEMY OF THE ALLIES- THEY FOUND OUT THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND THAT I'M WORKING WITH THE NAZIS!
LONDON
SUBMARINER TURNS TRAITOR! GIVES CONVOY INFORMATION TO NAZIS!
HE CONTACTS LIEUTENANT COMMANDER PHIL SMITH AT U.S. NAVY HEADQUARTERS
--AND IF YOU RADIO THE POSITION TO THE CONVOY, WE'LL GET THEM BOTH! MEANWHILE I'VE GOT TO ACT PRO-NAZI!
NAMOR RETURNS TO THE WATER--
NO ONE SAW ME, THANKS TO THE BLACKOUT! NOW -- TO KEEP MY RENDEZVOUS WITH THE NAZI RAIDERS!
AFTER A BRISK SWIM THROUGH THE NORTH SEA ---
THERE'S THE RAIDERS! ADMIRAL ROETER IS DEPENDING ON ME!

SIEG HEIL, ADMIRAL!
SIEG HEIL, PRINCE NAMOR! IS EVERYTHING SET?
YES! LOOK! THERE IS THE CONVOY ON THE HORIZON! YOU ARE SAFE TO ATTACK HER!
SPLENDID! GOOT!
ALL STATIONS PREPARE TO FIRE!
JAWHOL!
THE RAIDERS GUNS THUNDER FORTH!
BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
GOOT! WE HAVE SUNK A FREIGHTER - ACH! VOT'S THIS COMING?? BRITISH UND AMERICAN WARSHIPS!
WHAT'S THE MEANING - PRINCE NAMOR -- EXPLAIN!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
7

THE ALLIED ESCORTS OPEN FIRE!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
AND ---
BLAM!
ZOOM!
HIMMEL! WE'RE ABLAZE! MUST ABANDON SHIP! AH! DER SUBMARINER WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS -- GOOT! WE TAKE HIM ALONG!
PUT HIM IN THE BOAT AND CAST OFF IMMEDIATELY!
JA!
THEN --
CURSE DOT SUBMARINER! HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DISASTER! HE SHALL SUFFER WHEN I TAKE HIM TO BERLIN!
BLAM!
BOOM!
ONE DAY LATER ---
YEOW! MY HEAD -- I REMEMBER AN EXPLOSION -- MY HEAD STRUCK SOMETHING -- NOW I'M IN A CELL!
GOOT MORNING, PRINCE NAMOR!
OH- KRONIN! HY'A -- SAY - ?
8

FILTHY DOUBLE CROSSING SWINE! YOU HAVE CAUSED THE LOSS OF OUR MOST POWERFUL RAIDERS!
BUT-SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG -- I --
YOU MAY SAY NOTHING! TOMORROW YOU SHALL BE EXECUTED!
KRONIN'S FURY IS BROUGHT OUT IN PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!
IN THE MEANTIME, BACK IN YOUR CORNER, PIG!
OW!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
WHY YOU DOG OF A DOG!
GARNERING IMMENSE POWER, NAMOR SPRINGS --
STOP!
STOP, MY FOOT!
BANG!
KICK ME, WILL YOU --
YI! HELP!
NOW YOU GET BACK THERE!
CRASH!


I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS FILTHY HOLE -- AH -- A GUARD!
THE GIRL, BETTY DEAN -- WHERE IS SHE KEPT- SPEAK!
YI! I'LL TELL- DON'T KILL ME!
SHE IS KEPT THERE!
GOOD- STAND BACK!
A POWERFUL CRASH DISLODGES THE DOOR ---
CAN'T WAIT FOR KEYS -- UHHH!
RIP!
CRASH
HELLO, BETTY!
YOU!
THERE'S NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS! LET'S GET GOING!
OH!
NAMOR, LOOK!
OH-OH- I SHOULD HAVE FINISHED THAT GUY OFF BEFORE!
THERE HE IS!

But NOTHING STOPS NAMOR!
C'MON, BETTY- WE'RE GOING THROUGH REGARDLESS!
BACK TO YOUR BUDDIES, BUB!
YEOW!
EXIT
LOOK, NAMOR-- AN OPENED DOOR!
EVIDENTLY LEFT UNGUARDED BY THOSE SKUNKS DOWN THERE-- LET'S GO!
NOW WHAT?
SHH! THAT TRUCK THERE -- COME ON-
LAST STOP, HACKY-- ALL OUT!
ULP!
IN, BETTY!
BUT, NAMOR-- WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE --
YES WE HAVE-- THE AIRPORT--
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT THE ODDS ARE A HUNDRED TO ONE AGAINST US!
AIRPORT
MINUTES LATER --
HERE WE ARE -- WATCH OUT! THE GUARDS!
HANG ON TIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME "GATE-CRASHING"!

THE PONDEROUS TRUCK SMASHES THROUGH---
KER-ASH!
WE'RE IN LUCK! A TWO-SEATER FIGHTER--
WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY--
FOREGOING ALL ADO, THE PAIR HASTILY SETTLE THEMSELVES IN THE PLANE AND---
ALL SET?
YES-
THERE! MADE IT!
WHEW! THANK HEAVEN BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHOSE SIDE YOU'RE REALLY ON, NAMOR?
ON THE ALLIED SIDE, OF COURSE--I'VE ALREADY CONTANCTED THE AMERICAN NAVY-THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY IN! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE, THOUGH---THIS IS A NAZI PLANE...CAN'T LAND IT ANYPLACE WHERE WE WANT TO GO!
ONE HOUR LATER---
OKAY, BETTY--THIS IS LONDON! OUT YOU GO!
GOODBYE, NAMOR—THANKS AND GOOD LUCK!
SUBMARINER TURNS OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC AND FINDS A NAZI U-BOAT---
THE CONTROLS ARE ALL SET--IT'S BACK TO THE WATER FOR ME! THIS CRATE WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF THAT SUB!
12
WELL, WHILE SUBMARINER GETS BACK TO THE WATER IN SEARCH OF HIS NEXT ADVENTURE FOR ALL WINNERS, THE REST OF US HAD BETTER GET BACK TO BUYING WAR STAMPS AND BONDS TO BRING VICTORY CLOSER. BACK UP YOUR UNCLE SAM--SO HITLER WILL BE NEXT TO SCRAM!

THE SILVER BUCK

ONE of them was peering in through the high, barbed wire topped fence, as Bert came along through the narrow path inside, cradling the shotgun under his arm.

"Better get going," he advised as the man turned. "It isn't healthy to hang around government property."

"Guess you guys have to keep on your toes." The man stepped back toward the curb, watching Bert closely. "Must be plenty of you for a place this size."

"Enough," Bert said succinctly. He turned and walked over to the guard shack. When he looked out the window the man had crossed the street and he could see the two of them lounging in the darkness just around the corner from the street lamp.

They were still there when he knocked off the midnight tour, and walked out the gate. Glancing back, he noted absently how dark the place was, save for a yellow bead of light at the ends of the different warehouses. Bert walked across the street, noting the two men there with a touch of uneasiness.

One of them chuckled. "Nowadays they're robbing the cradle and the grave. Kids for guards—"

"Try getting in sometime!" Bert snapped sharply. "Even the kids here know how to use a gun—"

"Shotguns!" the man laughed. "Got rock salt in it, sonny?"

"You guys seem awful interested." Bert looked at them closely. One was medium broad, the other tall, slouched. "It doesn't pay," Bert added, "to be too curious about Uncle Sam's stuff, mister."

The tall man said, "Johnnie and me were guards once upon a time, sonny. You don't have to worry about us, eh, Johnnie?"

Johnnie grinned. "Pat, here, is still an expert shot." Johnnie flipped a silver dollar into the air, caught it. "We're waiting for the bus, sonny. How often does it run down here? Been waiting long enough."

"So I noticed. It'll be along in about an hour. The waiting isn't crowded, so don't worry about a seat."

Johnnie laughed, flipped the dollar again. This time he missed catching it. It struck the edge of the curbing and out of the corner of his eye Bert saw it skitter under the corner of a stone at a driveway. Grinning, Bert moved away, leaving Johnnie and his pal looking for the lost dollar.

"My good luck piece," Johnnie was wailing. "Gotta find it. . . ."

THE dollar was there when Bert went past the next afternoon at three-thirty. He picked it up, dropped it in his pocket, after a cautious look around. Pat and Johnnie weren't anywhere to be seen, and Bert continued on across the street, showing his badge at the gatehouse, going on into the dressing room for his uniform coat and hat.

Of course, if he saw them again, he'd return it. Bert thought about the possibility of their showing up again, wondering what he should do if he saw them snooping around. Perhaps he should have reported it . . .

He covered his tour once, then stayed in the shack. It was windy tonight, and the air from the ocean was wet and chilly. The lights of the big warehouses were out now, with only the shaded lamps at the doors showing. He watched Pete James making rounds, his thick neck bundled up inside his heavy coat. Once more Bert made his rounds, returned satisfied that everything was under control. He stopped outside the shack for a couple of minutes, leaning the heavy shotgun against the wall. It was dark here . .

He heard the rattle of the weeds. Probably the wind. He started to turn and at the same time something struck him heavily, a solid, jarring blow, that crumpled his knees beneath him, driving him to the ground.

BERT opened his eyes. For a moment the light blinded him and he lay still, head throbbing painfully, eyes shut against the light. Eventually he could stand it, could manage without too much pain to turn his head and see that he was back in the little shack. The door was shut. Someone was with him. . . .

Cautiously Bert tried his bound wrists. Pat chuckled. "Take it easy, sonny. You've got a long wait and the waiting isn't crowded."

They went out and locked the door from the outside. The wind covered the sound of their footsteps and Bert lay on the floor, wishing the pounding in his head would let up, wondering how he could spread the alarm. Pat and Johnnie were going to do something, were criminals. . . .

The phone seemed his best bet and Bert wriggled around till he could hook the little square table with his feet, and give it a jerk.

It felt as if his head were coming off by the roots each time he struck the table, but at last the phone reached the edge. A final kick sent it banging to the floor. The bottle of milk followed suit, struck the floor on the opposite side and smashed, spraying Bert with its contents.

When he winked the milk out of his eyes he saw that his attempt was useless. The phone wires were cut close to the wall. Sweat drenched his body. The thought that this would be called negligence on his part didn't matter so much. The important thing was the warehouses, the stuff in them, valuable stuff for overseas shipment. . . .

The smashed bottle caught his eye and frantically Bert rolled around, worked up to where he could grip the neck of the bottle in one hand. The cord binding him didn't seem thick. He'd probably gash himself more than once. . . .

The cords parted and quickly Bert sat up. His head spun and he leaned against the wall for a moment till he was sure of himself. Gingerly he stood up.

The window slid back and Bert crawled through, unmindful of the pounding in his head. He dropped to the ground outside. The shotgun . . .

It was still leaning where he'd left it and Bert snatched it up, turned through the dark toward the warehouses in the center of the field. He reached the corner of the nearest building. If he hurried, if he were in time—

Right inside the first door Bert found Pete sprawled on the floor. Enough of the outside light fell through the window to show that Pete had been sand-bagged from behind. His head was matted with blood, his body lay loosely on the floor, one arm under him as he'd fallen. Briefly Bert bent down, felt for and found Pete's pulse. He was alive.

No sound reached Bert. He couldn't search all of the buildings himself, and Pete was out of the picture. If he could reach a phone. . . .

Half way across the blackness of the storeroom Bert halted. Before him a man straightened up abruptly from beside a stack of shoulder-high cases. Head and shoulders showed. Bert lifted the heavy shotgun, drove it squarely against the head before him. He heard the heavy thud of a body, slid around cautiously, risking a light long enough to see that it was Pat he'd nailed; that Pat was safe for a while. If only he could locate Johnnie. . . .

Evidently they'd separated. Bert was in the next division of the warehouse when he saw the cone of light thrown by a flashlight on the floor. Then it was gone. Blackness shut down instantly, through which Bert moved, afraid to breathe, the shotgun held firmly.

There was no sound. Any second Bert expected to hear the roar of a gun, feel the smashing impact of a slug. If he gave himself away, if Johnnie discovered him first. . . .

Somewhere a board gave a little whisper of sound and Bert turned toward that direction. The blackness was an impenetrable curtain before his eyes. He could almost feel it touching his face. He could do nothing, certainly couldn't wait all night. But at this rate. . . .

Reaching into his pocket, Bert fished out something, flipped it into the air, swung the shotgun to his shoulder. A second later something struck the floor with a sound like a small, clear bell, bounced and rolled away. . . .

SOMEONE cursed softly. A cone of light showed and behind it Bert saw Johnnie's lanky figure, saw him moving forward. Evidently he'd forgotten that he'd lost his symbol, his good luck piece. And now . . .

Johnnie bent down with an exclamation of concern. Bert leaped forward swifty. Johnnie whirled and the light went out. Bert smashed with the gun at the exact spot where Johnnie's head had been. The gun connected solidly and Johnnie's body hit the floor hard and lay still.

"FORCE of habit," Bert explained, grinning down at the two captives lying upon the floor. "When you heard that buck of yours hit the floor, you forgot you'd lost it. It was the only way I could locate you."

"Smart kid," Pat mumbled. "Here comes the parade."

Bert looked around, stood up quickly at sight of Lieut. Reynolds, the other officers, and the senior guard.

Lieut. Reynolds nodded to Bert. "I'm glad to find that you civilian guards are on your toes," he observed. "Perhaps I was wrong about you being on your toes."

Bert explained: "It was *his* lucky dollar." Bert indicated Johnnie.

"Lucky dollar?"

Bert fished the dollar out of his pocket. "Here it is," he said, and explained what had happened, adding: "It was Johnnie's lucky buck. He lost it the other night and I picked it up this morning."

"Unlucky would be more like it," Johnnie said sullenly. "It . . . it lost its powers, I guess. It sure didn't bring me any luck—"

"It did for me," Bert laughed. "A lot more than a dollar's worth, too!"

THE END

THE DESTROYER
FREEDOM'S ON THE MARCH! LIBERTY IS ON HAND WHEN THE GLORIOUS **DESTROYER** GUIDES THE BANNER OF DEMOCRACY AND FLINGS IT WITH A CHALLENGE AT THE NAZI FOE!

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MOUNTAINS NEAR THE FRENCH-SWISS BORDER IS THE VILLAGE OF BLANC, OVERRUN BY THE NAZI OPPRESSOR AND UNDER MARTIAL LAW BECAUSE FRANK PIRAUD AND HIS VALIANT GROUP OF FREE FRENCH TROOPS DESIRE TO THROW OFF THE NAZI YOKE OF SLAVERY—
THE KOMMANDANT OF THE NAZI HORDE··· COLONEL VON BITTERS!
BRING IN THE GIRL!
JA, HERR COLONEL!
AH!—MISS RUTH PIRAUD, DER SISTER OF THAT SAVAGE FRANK PIRAUD!
VERMIN! LET ME ALONE! IS IT NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU COMMANDEER MY CHATEAU?
QUIET! YOU ARE GOING TO WRITE A NOTE TO YOUR BROTHER. THEN YOU SHALL PREPARE A FEAST FOR MY TIRED MEN TONIGHT!
NO! OWW!
OBEY DER COLONEL!
AFTER RUTH OBLIGES···
I'M SORRY WE MUST USE FORCE··· BUT, YOU UNDERSTAND! RIDER, TAKE THIS UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE TO FRANK PIRAUD'S MOUNTAIN QUARTERS!
SOB-SOB-
JAWOHL
THE MESSENGER WALKS BRISKLY DOWN THE STEPS...
ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE··· ♪ ♪ ♪
BUT A STALWART PAIR OF HANDS INTERRUPT—
ACH DU··· ULP!
SILENCE!
··· AND THE DESTROYER CONQUERS ONCE MORE!
HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE FEUHRER'S BAN ON SINGING?
OWLP!

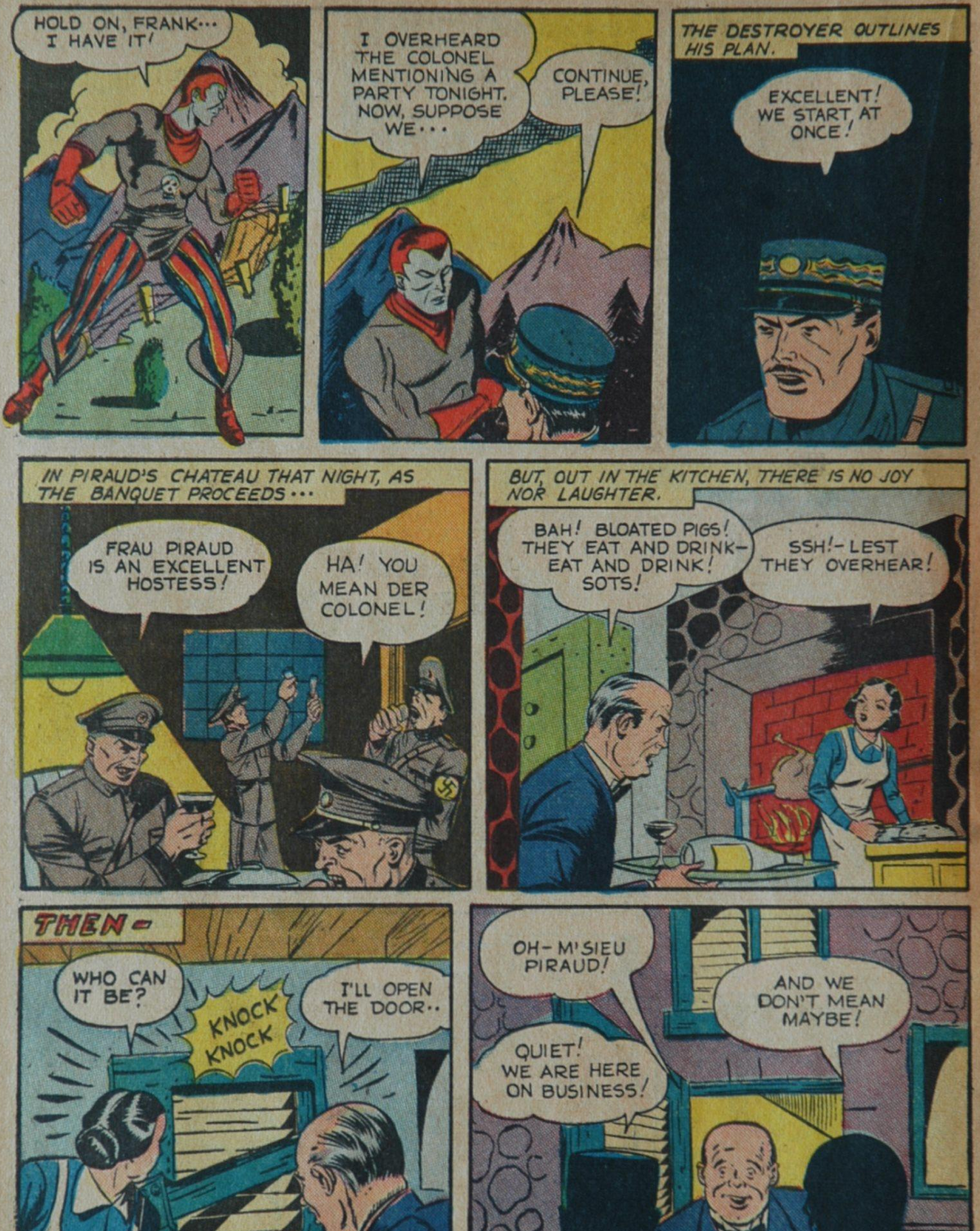
I'M OFF TO A FLYING START! THIS UNIFORM WILL ALLOW ME TO PASS ALL GUARDS!
FRANK PIRAUD, HERE I COME!
SOME TIME LATER, DEEP IN THE HILLS HELD BY FRANK PIRAUD'S LEGIONS...
I WANT A WORD WITH FRANK PIRAUD. IT IS URGENT!
HE RIDES UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE—LET HIM PASS!
I AM PIRAUD... WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
WAIT A MOMENT WHILE I DO A STRIP TEASE!
THE NAZI GARMENTS ARE SHED AND...
SACRÉ! IT IS THE DESTROYER! WELCOME! WELCOME!
THANKS, FRANK. THERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU IN THAT DISPATCH CASE. I KNOCKED THE MESSENGER OUT SO I COULD REACH YOU MORE EASILY!
HERE IT IS!
IT'S FROM MY SISTER!
PIRAUD READS ALOUD—
ACCURSED NAZI BUTCHER! I—I MUST THINK OF THE VILLAGE MY SISTER...
THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

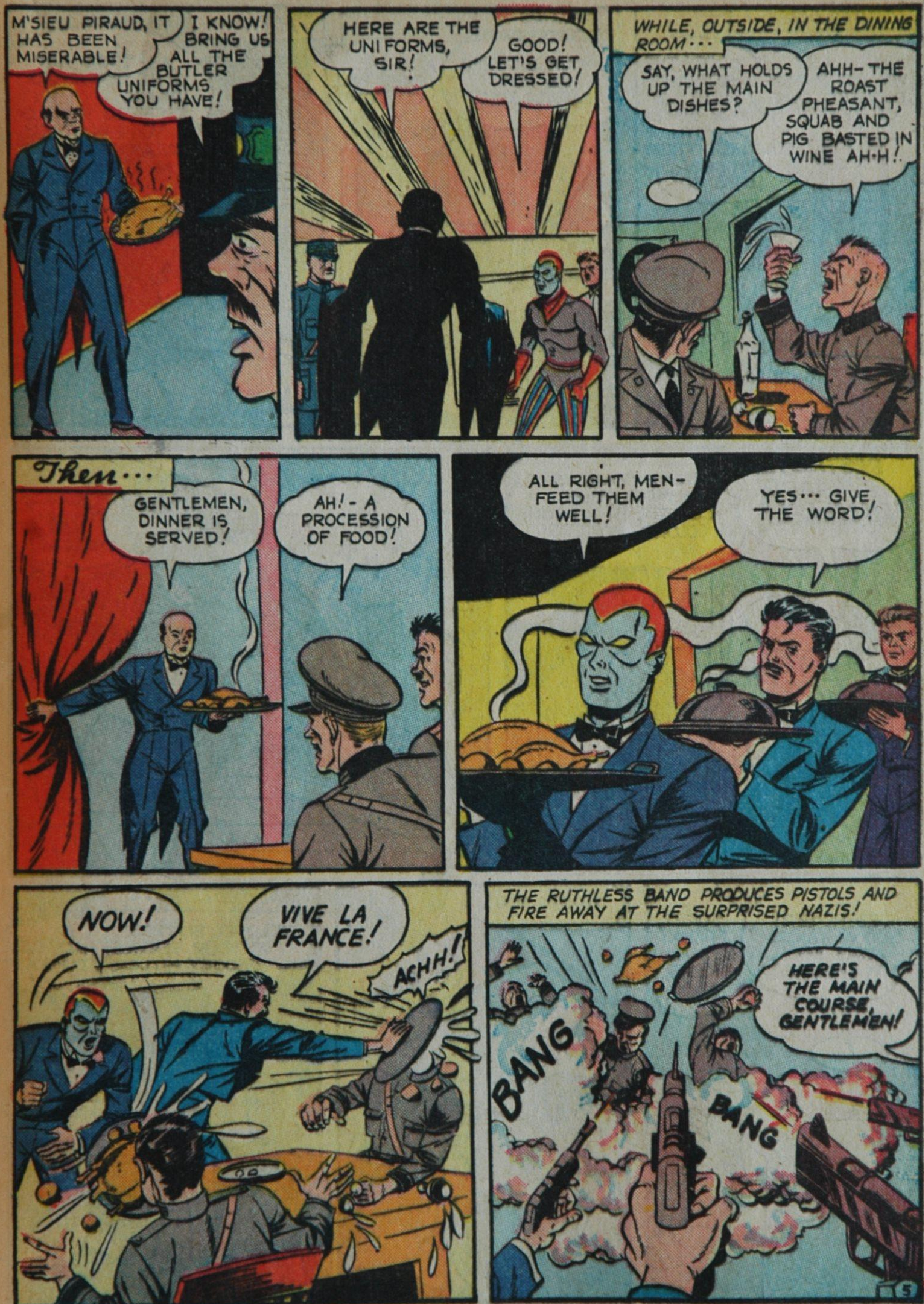
My dear Frank.

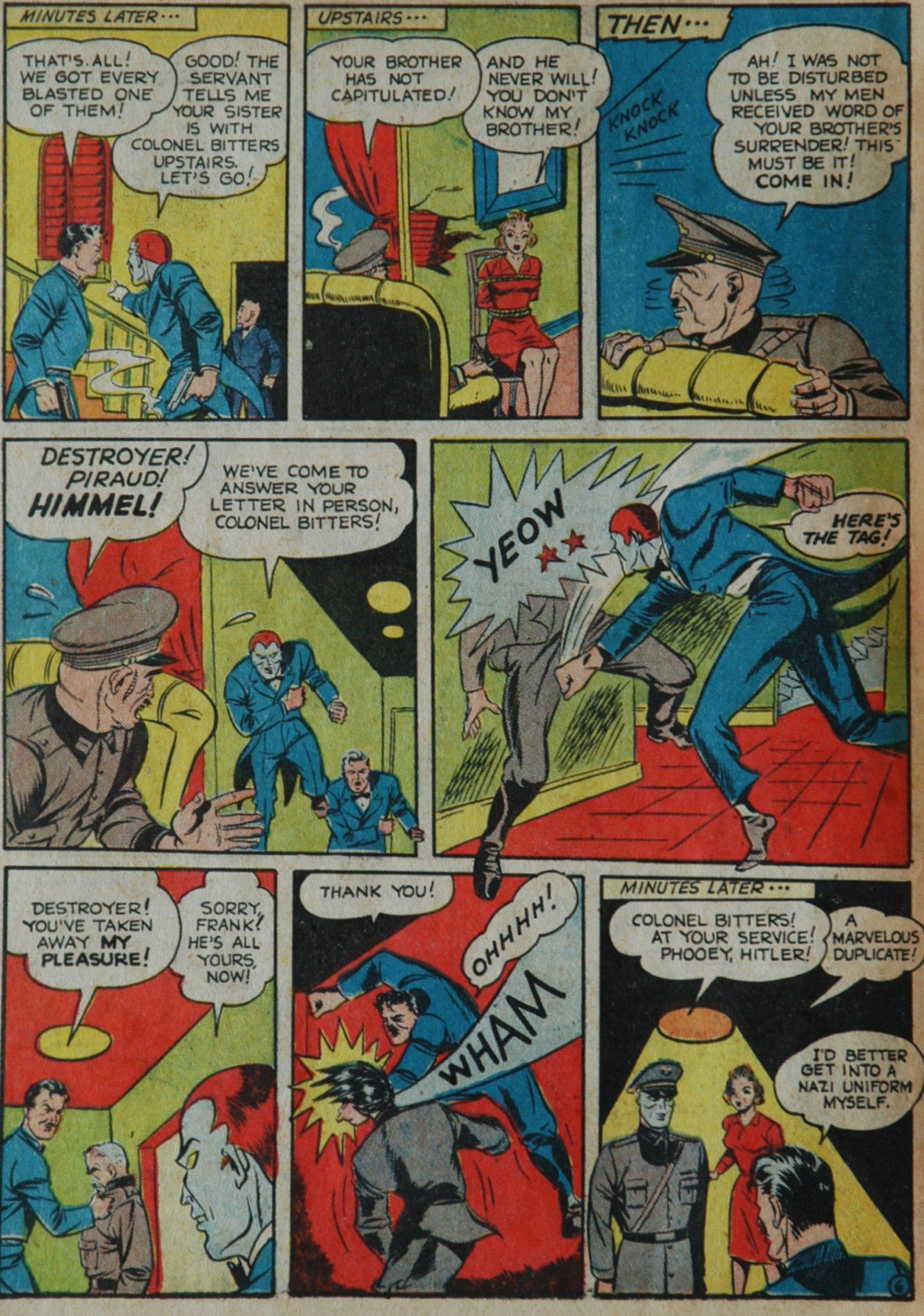
Our Nazi protector promises you and your men complete amnesty if you and your partisans lay down your arms by 6 P.M. Otherwise, they intend to burn the village and execute me. Spare our village this ordeal—and spare me!

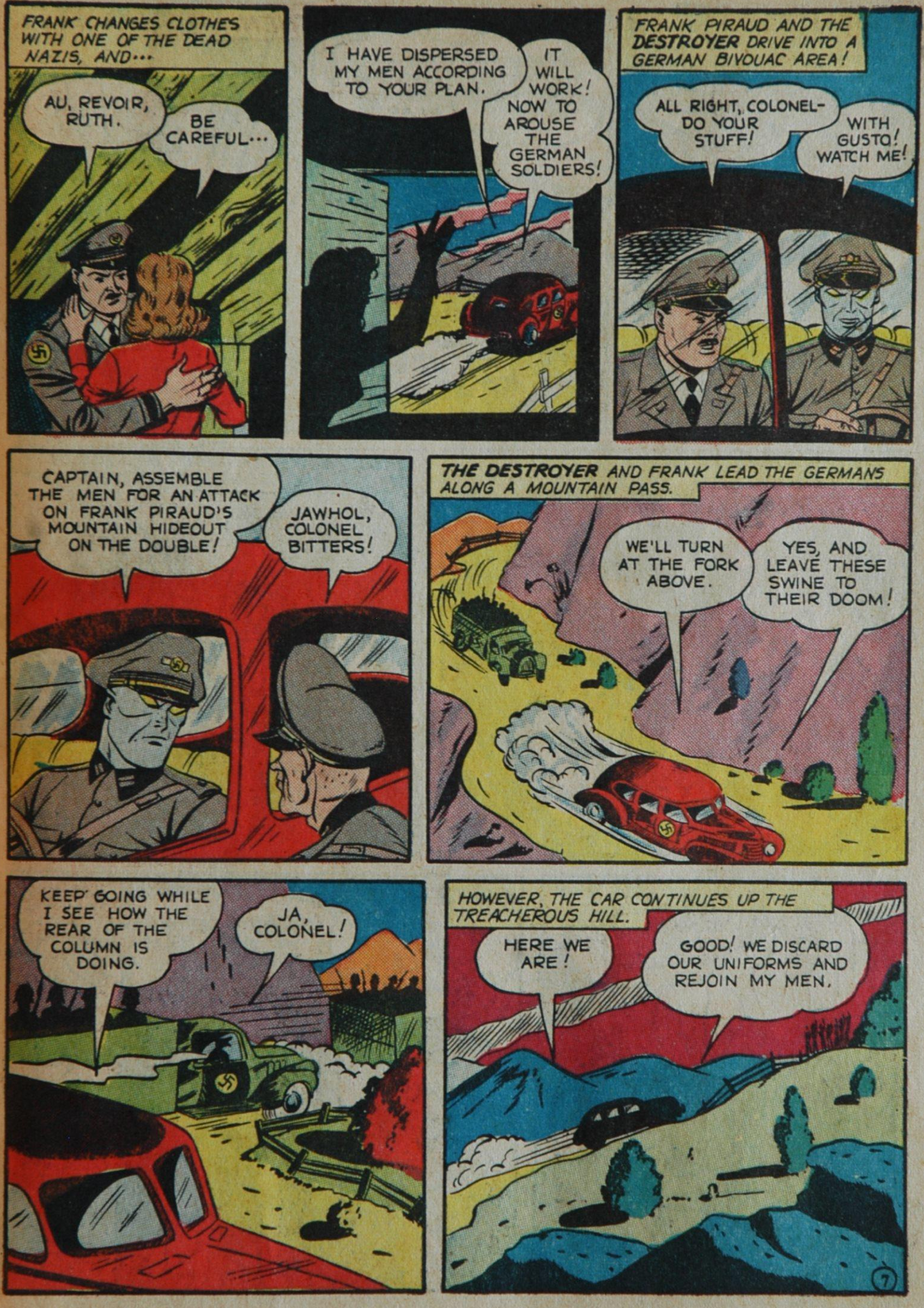
Your loving sister

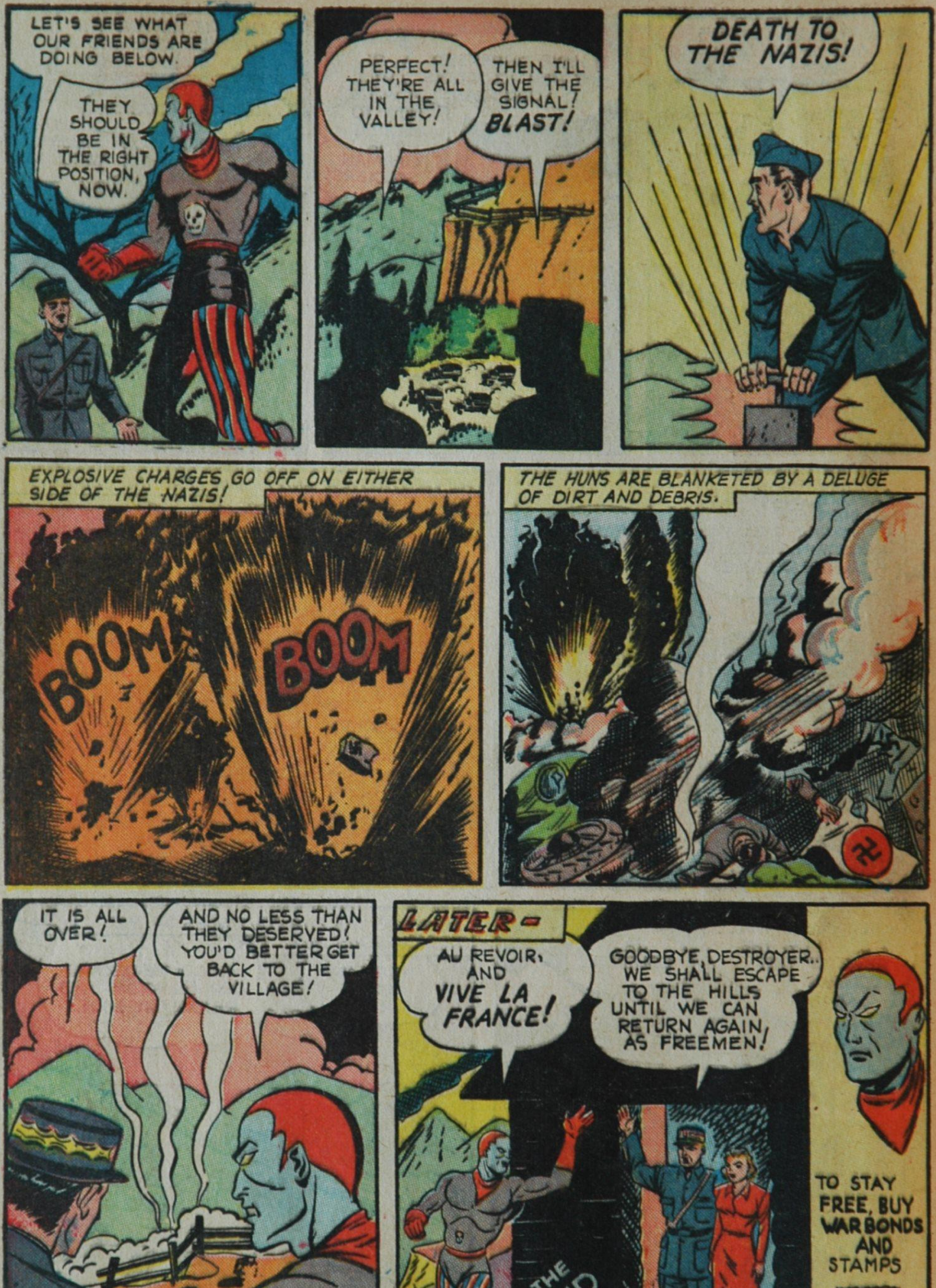
Ruth


HOLD ON, FRANK··· I HAVE IT!
I OVERHEARD THE COLONEL MENTIONING A PARTY TONIGHT. NOW, SUPPOSE WE···
CONTINUE, PLEASE!
THE DESTROYER OUTLINES HIS PLAN.
EXCELLENT! WE START AT ONCE!
IN PIRAUD'S CHATEAU THAT NIGHT, AS THE BANQUET PROCEEDS···
FRAU PIRAUD IS AN EXCELLENT HOSTESS!
HA! YOU MEAN DER COLONEL!
BUT, OUT IN THE KITCHEN, THERE IS NO JOY NOR LAUGHTER.
BAH! BLOATED PIGS! THEY EAT AND DRINK— EAT AND DRINK! SOTS!
SSH!— LEST THEY OVERHEAR!
THEN—
WHO CAN IT BE?
KNOCK KNOCK
I'LL OPEN THE DOOR··
OH— M'SIEU PIRAUD!
AND WE DON'T MEAN MAYBE!
QUIET! WE ARE HERE ON BUSINESS!

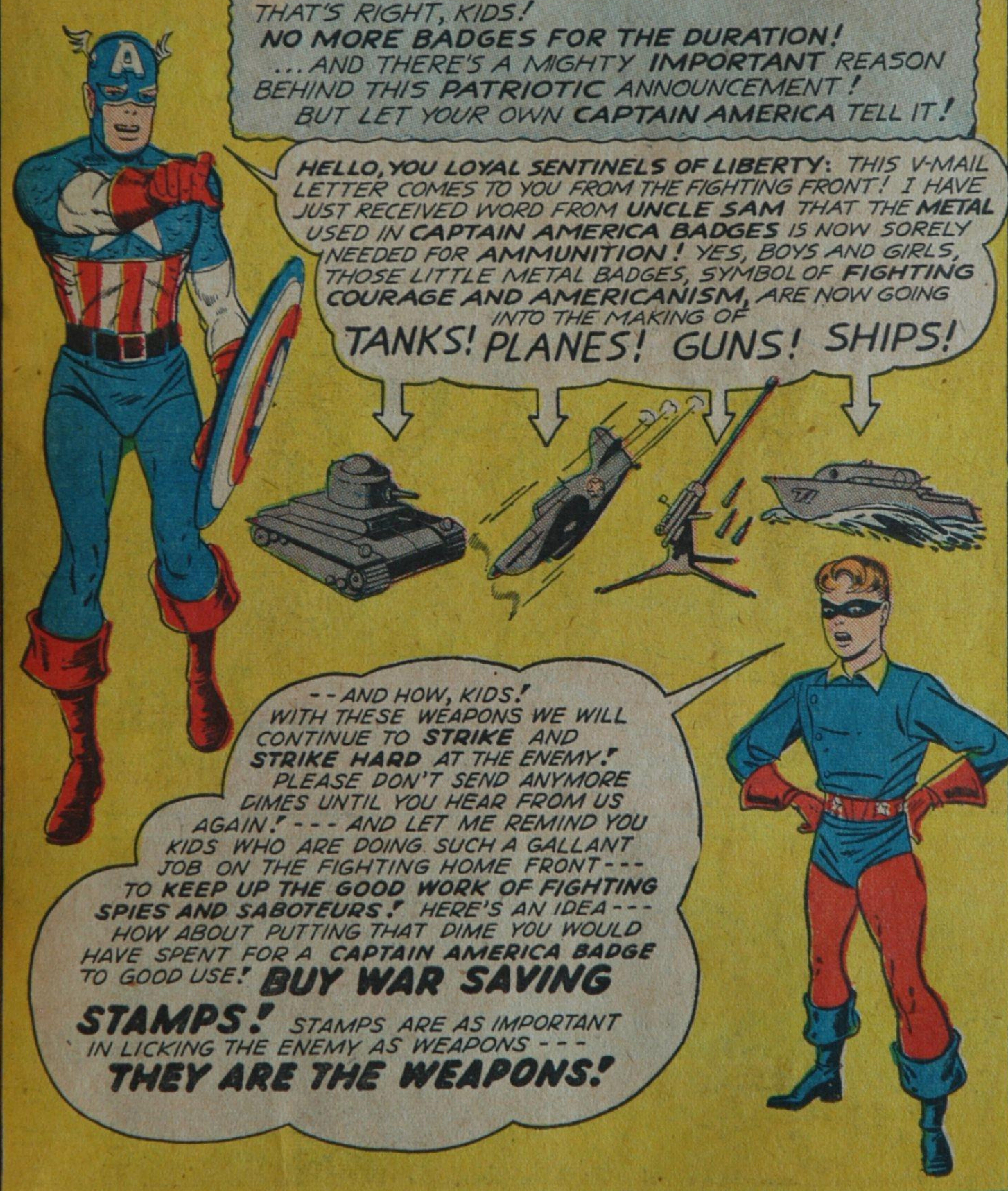

M'SIEU PIRAUD, IT HAS BEEN MISERABLE!
I KNOW! BRING US ALL THE BUTLER UNIFORMS YOU HAVE!
HERE ARE THE UNIFORMS, SIR!
GOOD! LET'S GET DRESSED!
WHILE, OUTSIDE, IN THE DINING ROOM...
SAY, WHAT HOLDS UP THE MAIN DISHES?
AHH- THE ROAST PHEASANT, SQUAB AND PIG BASTED IN WINE AH-H!
Then...
GENTLEMEN, DINNER IS SERVED!
AH! - A PROCESSION OF FOOD!
ALL RIGHT, MEN- FEED THEM WELL!
YES... GIVE THE WORD!
NOW!
VIVE LA FRANCE!
ACHH!
THE RUTHLESS BAND PRODUCES PISTOLS AND FIRE AWAY AT THE SURPRISED NAZIS!
HERE'S THE MAIN COURSE, GENTLEMEN!
BANG
BANG


MINUTES LATER···
THAT'S ALL! WE GOT EVERY BLASTED ONE OF THEM!
GOOD! THE SERVANT TELLS ME YOUR SISTER IS WITH COLONEL BITTERS UPSTAIRS. LET'S GO!
UPSTAIRS···
YOUR BROTHER HAS NOT CAPITULATED!
AND HE NEVER WILL! YOU DON'T KNOW MY BROTHER!
THEN···
KNOCK KNOCK
AH! I WAS NOT TO BE DISTURBED UNLESS MY MEN RECEIVED WORD OF YOUR BROTHER'S SURRENDER! THIS MUST BE IT! COME IN!
DESTROYER! PIRAUD! HIMMEL!
WE'VE COME TO ANSWER YOUR LETTER IN PERSON, COLONEL BITTERS!
YEOW
HERE'S THE TAG!
DESTROYER! YOU'VE TAKEN AWAY MY PLEASURE!
SORRY, FRANK! HE'S ALL YOURS, NOW!
THANK YOU!
OHHHH!
WHAM
MINUTES LATER···
COLONEL BITTERS! AT YOUR SERVICE! PHOOEY, HITLER!
A MARVELOUS DUPLICATE!
I'D BETTER GET INTO A NAZI UNIFORM MYSELF.
6


FRANK CHANGES CLOTHES WITH ONE OF THE DEAD NAZIS, AND···
AU, REVOIR, RUTH.
BE CAREFUL···
I HAVE DISPERSED MY MEN ACCORDING TO YOUR PLAN.
IT WILL WORK! NOW TO AROUSE THE GERMAN SOLDIERS!
FRANK PIRAUD AND THE DESTROYER DRIVE INTO A GERMAN BIVOUAC AREA!
ALL RIGHT, COLONEL-DO YOUR STUFF!
WITH GUSTO! WATCH ME!
CAPTAIN, ASSEMBLE THE MEN FOR AN ATTACK ON FRANK PIRAUD'S MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT ON THE DOUBLE!
JAWHOL, COLONEL BITTERS!
THE DESTROYER AND FRANK LEAD THE GERMANS ALONG A MOUNTAIN PASS.
WE'LL TURN AT THE FORK ABOVE.
YES, AND LEAVE THESE SWINE TO THEIR DOOM!
KEEP GOING WHILE I SEE HOW THE REAR OF THE COLUMN IS DOING.
JA, COLONEL!
HOWEVER, THE CAR CONTINUES UP THE TREACHEROUS HILL.
HERE WE ARE!
GOOD! WE DISCARD OUR UNIFORMS AND REJOIN MY MEN.


LET'S SEE WHAT OUR FRIENDS ARE DOING BELOW.
THEY SHOULD BE IN THE RIGHT POSITION, NOW.
PERFECT! THEY'RE ALL IN THE VALLEY!
THEN I'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL! BLAST!
DEATH TO THE NAZIS!
EXPLOSIVE CHARGES GO OFF ON EITHER SIDE OF THE NAZIS!
BOOM
BOOM
THE HUNS ARE BLANKETED BY A DELUGE OF DIRT AND DEBRIS.
IT IS ALL OVER!
AND NO LESS THAN THEY DESERVED! YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE VILLAGE!
LATER-
AU REVOIR, AND VIVE LA FRANCE!
GOODBYE, DESTROYER.. WE SHALL ESCAPE TO THE HILLS UNTIL WE CAN RETURN AGAIN, AS FREEMEN!
THE END
TO STAY FREE, BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES HAVE GONE TO WAR!

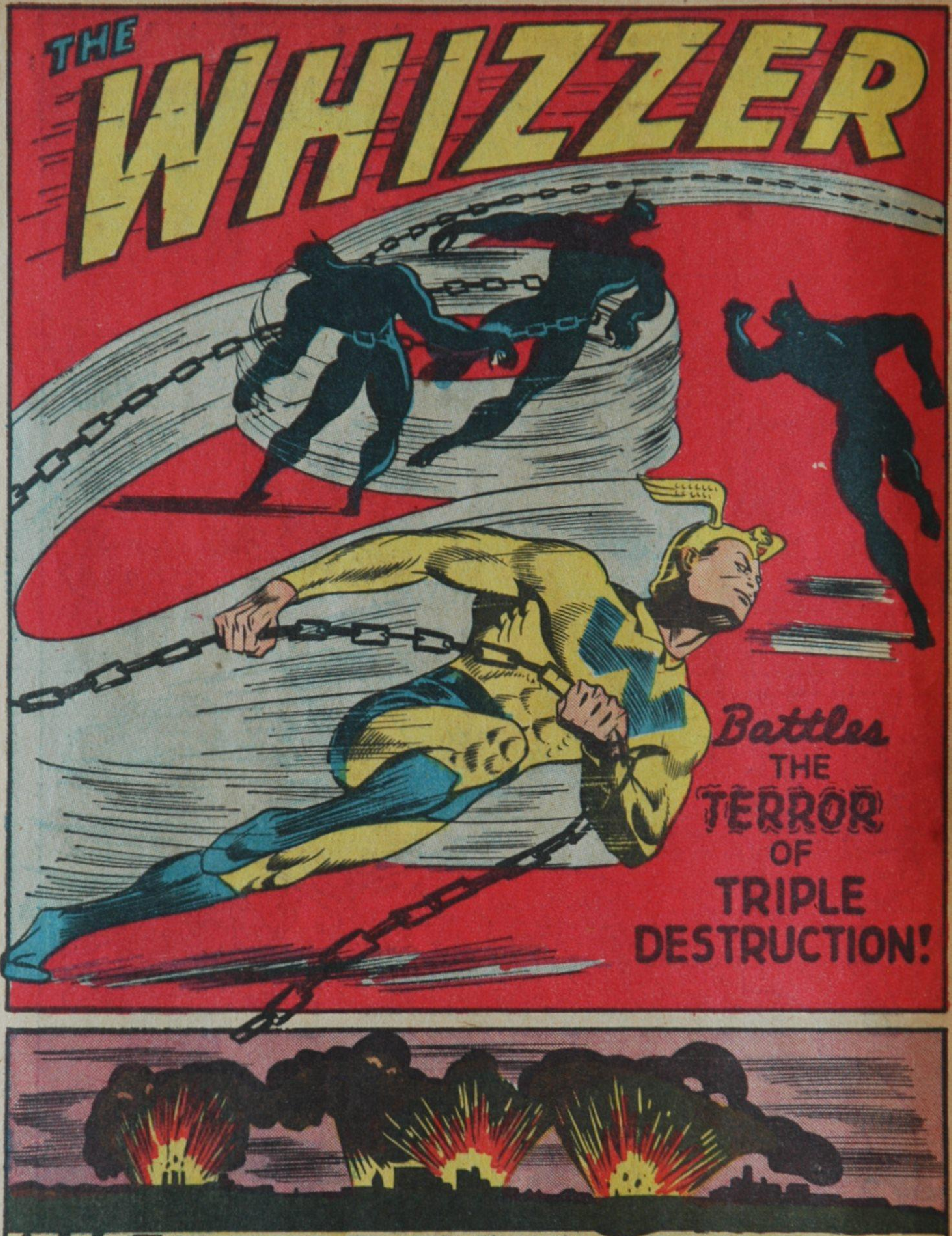


THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS!
NO MORE BADGES FOR THE DURATION!
...AND THERE'S A MIGHTY **IMPORTANT** REASON BEHIND THIS **PATRIOTIC** ANNOUNCEMENT!
BUT LET YOUR OWN **CAPTAIN AMERICA** TELL IT!

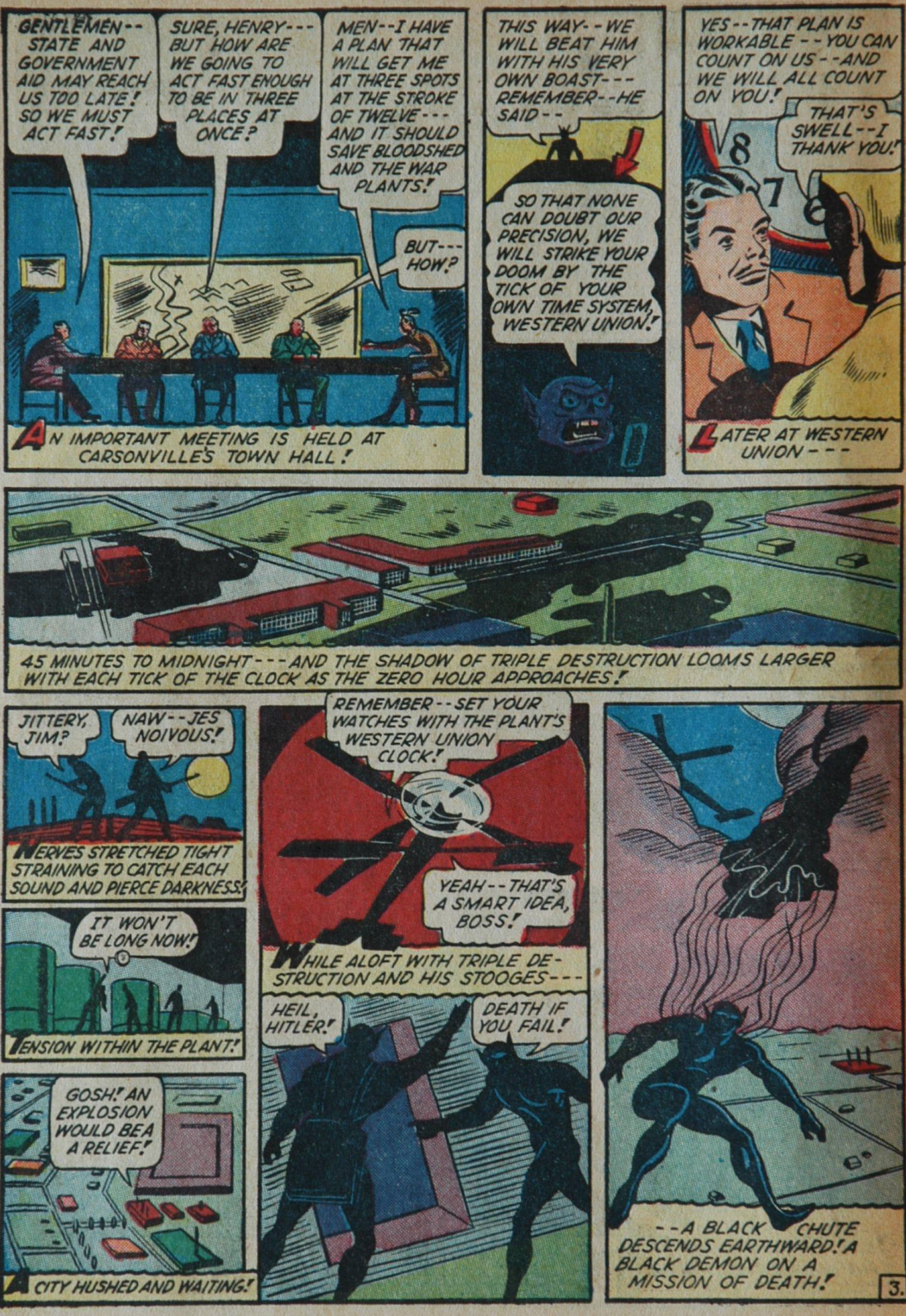
HELLO, YOU LOYAL SENTINELS OF LIBERTY: THIS V-MAIL LETTER COMES TO YOU FROM THE FIGHTING FRONT! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM **UNCLE SAM** THAT THE **METAL** USED IN **CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGES** IS NOW SORELY NEEDED FOR **AMMUNITION**! YES, BOYS AND GIRLS, THOSE LITTLE METAL BADGES, SYMBOL OF **FIGHTING COURAGE AND AMERICANISM,** ARE NOW GOING INTO THE MAKING OF

TANKS! PLANES! GUNS! SHIPS!

--AND HOW, KIDS! WITH THESE WEAPONS WE WILL CONTINUE TO **STRIKE** AND **STRIKE HARD** AT THE ENEMY! PLEASE DON'T SEND ANYMORE DIMES UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US AGAIN! --- AND LET ME REMIND YOU KIDS WHO ARE DOING SUCH A GALLANT JOB ON THE FIGHTING HOME FRONT--- TO **KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK OF FIGHTING SPIES AND SABOTEURS!** HERE'S AN IDEA--- HOW ABOUT PUTTING THAT DIME YOU WOULD HAVE SPENT FOR A **CAPTAIN AMERICA BADGE** TO GOOD USE! **BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS!** STAMPS ARE AS IMPORTANT IN LICKING THE ENEMY AS WEAPONS--- **THEY ARE THE WEAPONS!**


THE WHIZZER
Battles THE TERROR OF TRIPLE DESTRUCTION!
THREE GIGANTIC BLASTS SIMULTANEOUSLY RIP MONSTROUS GAPING WOUNDS WHERE BELLVILLE'S THREE WAR PLANTS HAD HUMMED BUT A MOMENT BEFORE! THUS "TRIPLE-DESTRUCTION" (A MASTER NAZI SABOTEUR) MADE BELLVILLE VICTIM NUMBER THREE, IN HIS FIENDISH PLAN TO DESTROY THREE WAR PLANTS AT A GIVEN MOMENT, BUT HIS GHASTLY CHALLENGE IS MET BY THE COURAGEOUS WHIZZER!

YOU SPINELESS WORMS OF DECADENT DEMOCRACY, LISTEN TO MY WARNING!
"TRIPLE DESTRUCTION" THE MAD MONSTER ENTERTAINS HIS BLACK HEARTED STOOGES, BROADCASTING A GLOATING THREAT AGAINST CARSONVILLE'S THREE WAR PLANTS!
--TONIGHT WE SHATTERED BELLVILLE'S FUTILE WAR PLANTS---YOUR PUNY
--EFFORTS HAVE SAVED ONLY THE ASHES FROM YOUR HOPES---
--TOMORROW NIGHT, AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE, THE THREE WAR PLANTS OF CARSONVILLE WILL BLAST---
--SKYWARD, VICTIM NO.4 TO THE INEVITABLE DOOM THAT AWAITS ALL DECAYING DEMOCRACIES!
SOMEBODY SHOULD SHUT THAT GUY UP!
YOUNG FELLA, SOMEBODY WILL!
THAT GLOATING GARGOYLE IS GOING TO GET A TASTE OF YANKEE INGENUITY!
THE WHIZZER ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE--BUT---
--IT IS A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT--- EVEN THE WHIZZER WONDERS HOW HE WILL BE ABLE TO BE AT THREE PLACES AT ONE TIME--


GENTLEMEN-- STATE AND GOVERNMENT AID MAY REACH US TOO LATE! SO WE MUST ACT FAST!
SURE, HENRY--- BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO ACT FAST ENOUGH TO BE IN THREE PLACES AT ONCE?
MEN--I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL GET ME AT THREE SPOTS AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE--- AND IT SHOULD SAVE BLOODSHED AND THE WAR PLANTS!
BUT--- HOW?
AN IMPORTANT MEETING IS HELD AT CARSONVILLE'S TOWN HALL!
THIS WAY--WE WILL BEAT HIM WITH HIS VERY OWN BOAST--- REMEMBER--HE SAID--
SO THAT NONE CAN DOUBT OUR PRECISION, WE WILL STRIKE YOUR DOOM BY THE TICK OF YOUR OWN TIME SYSTEM, WESTERN UNION!
YES--THAT PLAN IS WORKABLE--YOU CAN COUNT ON US--AND WE WILL ALL COUNT ON YOU!
THAT'S SWELL--I THANK YOU!
LATER AT WESTERN UNION---
45 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT---AND THE SHADOW OF TRIPLE DESTRUCTION LOOMS LARGER WITH EACH TICK OF THE CLOCK AS THE ZERO HOUR APPROACHES!
JITTERY, JIM?
NAW--JES NOIVOUS!
NERVES STRETCHED TIGHT STRAINING TO CATCH EACH SOUND AND PIERCE DARKNESS!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
TENSION WITHIN THE PLANT!
GOSH! AN EXPLOSION WOULD BE A RELIEF!
A CITY HUSHED AND WAITING!
REMEMBER--SET YOUR WATCHES WITH THE PLANT'S WESTERN UNION CLOCK!
YEAH--THAT'S A SMART IDEA, BOSS!
WHILE ALOFT WITH TRIPLE DESTRUCTION AND HIS STOOGES---
HEIL, HITLER!
DEATH IF YOU FAIL!
--A BLACK CHUTE DESCENDS EARTHWARD! A BLACK DEMON ON A MISSION OF DEATH!

MEANWHILE --- AT WESTERN UNION, WHIZZER GOES INTO ACTION!
WE'VE DONE OUR PART-- THE REST IS UP TO YOU!
GOOD! EVERYTHING MUST BE TIMED TO A SPLIT SECOND!
WESTERN UNION TIME
NOW TO SURPRISE THE NAZI MENACE AT PLANT NO. 1!
NOW THRU THIS SEWER--UP THE VENTILATION SHAFT TO THE STOREROOM-- IT'S TOO EASY!
AND THE NAZI MENACE IS ALREADY AT PLANT NO. 1!
WHEN THE WESTERN UNION CLOCK SAYS TWELVE--BANG-- NO MORE PLANT!
THE FIRST STOOGE FEELS NOTHING WILL STOP HIS PLAN BUT JUST THEN---
WANT SOME RELIEF, MAY--I LIKE TO WATCH THE BOARD!
THANKS, GABBY! EVERYONE'S ON EDGE TONIGHT--- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
--AN INNOCENT RELIEF ---
ACH--SOME FOOL IS COMING--I MUST PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY!
--LEADS TO COMPLICATIONS FOR HEINIE ---
NOT A SOUND, YOU FOOL!
EEEK!
AS MAY PEERS INTO THE STOREROOM DARKNESS, THE NAZI SUBDUES HER!
WHILE UPSTAIRS--WHIZZER ARRIVES AT THE DESK!
HI, GABBY--ANYTHING UNUSUAL?
NOPE-- 'CEPT MAY'S BEEN GONE UNUSUALLY LONG!
WHICH WAY DID SHE GO!
DOWN THAT WAY!

I MAY BE WRONG BUT THIS MAY BE THE LEAD I NEEDED!
NOW THE FASTEST THING ON EARTH SENSES DANGER!
HMM--A SOUND LIKE THE WIND--MAYBE--- THE WHIZZER--
I HOPE I'M IN TIME!
THE NAZI EASILY SUBDUES THE GIRL BUT A MORE POWERFUL OPPONENT WHIZZES AROUND THE CORNER!
TAKE THIS, SPEEDY BOY!
THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
THE BRUTAL NAZI STOOGE STARTS A FOUL BLOW--
SURPRISED--EH?
OOPS!
BUT THE WELL CONDITIONED WHIZZER RECOVERS TO CLEVERLY TURN THE TIDE--
I'LL TIE YOU WITH THIS CHAIN!
AND GRABBING THE DERRICK HOOK QUICKLY BINDS THE STUNNED NAZI!
TELL ME--
WHERE I WILL FIND THE OTHERS--
--AND I WILL LET YOU DOWN!
HANS IS IN THE GARAGE OF NO. 2 PLANT AND OUR LEADER IS OPERATING FROM OUR HELICOPTER OUTSIDE NO. 3 PLANT BUT YOU'LL NEVER STOP THEM! IT'S TWO MINUTES OF TWELVE NOW!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!
5

WHIZZ
PERHAPS THE WHIZZER CAN EXPLAIN THE TIME VARIANCE--
BUT AT PLANT NO. 2 THE CLOCK READS TWO MINUTES TO TWELVE--
WHILE AT PLANT NO. 3--THE LEADER HAS FIVE MINUTES TO WAIT!
JUST IN TIME!
THE GROGGY NAZI RELEASES A HUGE MAGNET--
WHIZ-BOY WHIZ!
LUCKY THIS FENCE WIRE IS HERE--I'LL USE IT TO WRAP HIM UP!
ACH--HE IS FAST LIKE ANYTHING!
BUT WHIZZER SKILLFULLY EVADES THE WEIGHT---
TO THINK I WOULD BE STOPPED WITH FENCE WIRE!
AND SPEEDILY WRAPS THE NAZI STOOGE #2 SECURELY IN A WHIRL OF WIRE FENCE---
NOW TO GET YOUR LEADER AT NO.3!
AND SETS OUT FOR THE LEADER--
6.

OUR PLAN IS RUNNING OFF LIKE CLOCK WORK--IF ONLY I GET TO THE LEADER IN TIME!
THEIR CLOCK SAYS ONE MINUTE TO TWELVE--THEN I PUSH THE LEVER AND BANG--OUR PLANTED DYNAMITE BLOWS UP THE STUPID AMERICAN WAR PLANT!
THIRTY SECONDS MORE--WHAT'S THAT WHIZZING SOUND?
THIS IS GOING TO BE A HAIR LINE FINISH JUST TWENTY SECONDS TO TWELVE!
I'LL TAKE NO CHANCES! HE GOES--
NOT A SECOND TOO SOON--

OUR FUEHRER WILL NOT PERMIT SUCH INTERFERENCE!
WHIZZER'S VICTIM #1 AND
#2 WAITING HELPLESSLY TO BE DELIVERED WITH-
THEIR VANQUISHED LEADER TO THE JAIL!
NOW TO GO BACK AND PICK UP THE REST OF THIS TRIPLE FLOP TROUPE!
OUR PLAN FOOLED YOU COMPLETELY!
THREE DUPES OF A PLAN AS SIMPLE AS SETTING A CLOCK!
YOU ARE IN JAIL BECAUSE WE HAD WESTERN UNION SET THE CLOCK OF PLANT #1, FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF PLANT #2 AND PLANT #2, FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF PLANT #3!
YOUR PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY! WE ARE PROUD WE COULD COOPERATE!
YOU WERE SWELL!
WESTERN UNION
JUST ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HOW FREE MEN PULLING TOGETHER CAN OUTSMART AND OUTFIGHT THE VULTURES OF SLAVERY!
THE WHIZZER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF U.S.A. IN ANOTHER THRILLER!!
8.

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A Complete Guide to Charm

Part of Contents

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Averge Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49 Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing", or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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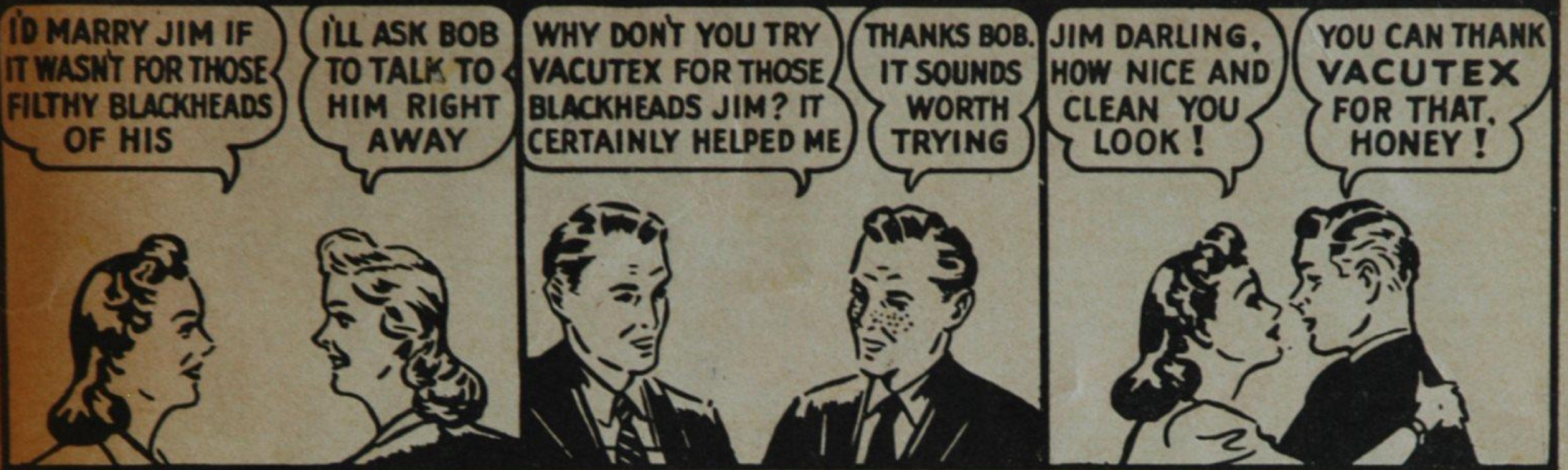
REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST


I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!

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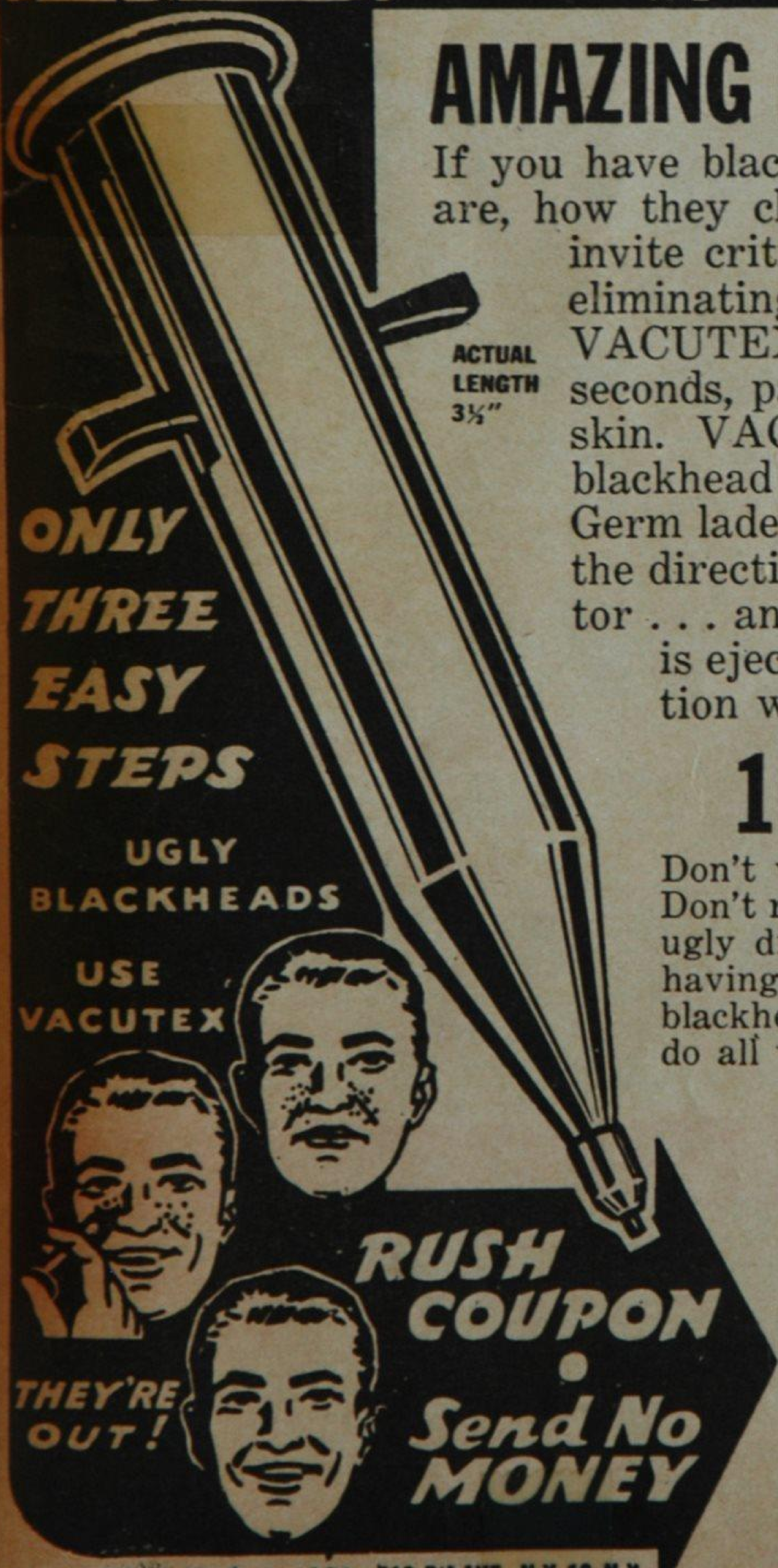
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UGLY BLACKHEADS
USE VACUTEX
THEY'RE OUT!
RUSH COUPON
Send No MONEY

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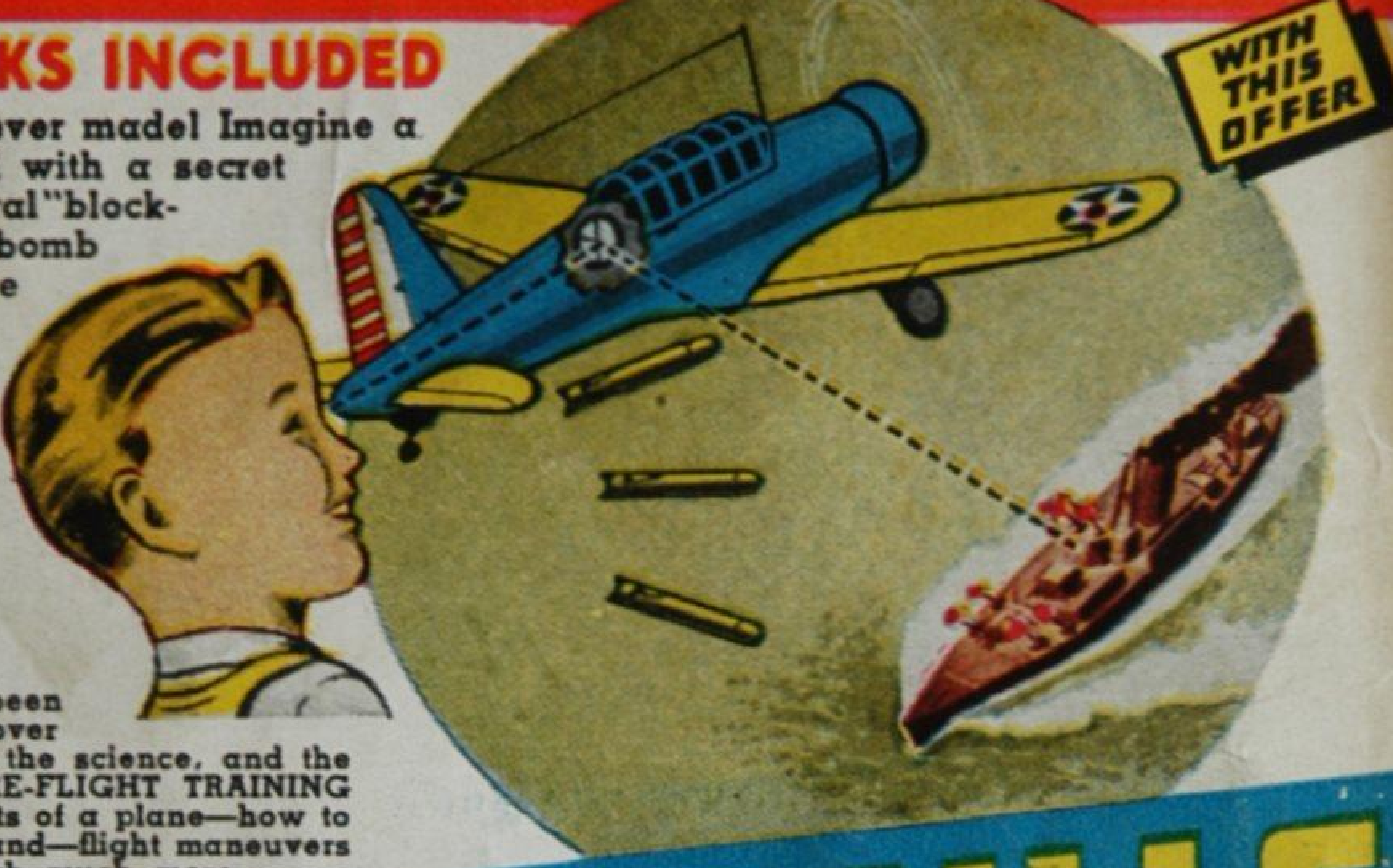
Here's the most amazing offer that we have ever made! Imagine a big realistic bomber, fully colored, equipped with a secret bombsight and a large bomb bay holding several "block-buster" bombs, plus an automatic precision bomb release and 4 big enemy battleships and a large ocean battleground—also 4 fully camouflaged deadly-looking tanks and a real battlefield. You load the bomber, carefully sight the enemy through the bombsight, turn the bomb release — SOCKO, a direct hit. Read on — see how you can get yours absolutely FREE with this offer.



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CONTAINS OVER 200 PICTURES

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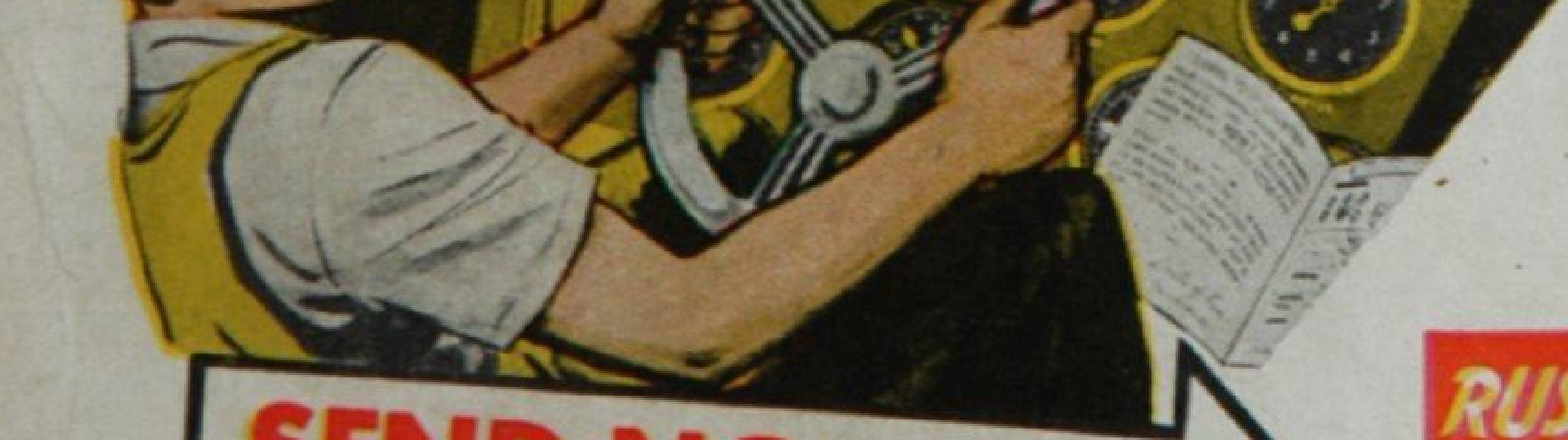
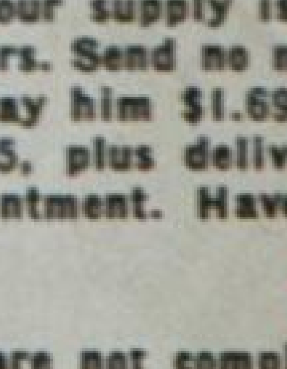
Here's the thrill that you have been dreaming about and waiting for. If you crave real flying sensations, here they are! This training cockpit is not a toy — it will provide exciting hours of fun and spine-tingling thrills for the entire family. It is a replica of a real airplane cockpit, combining fun with actual aviation instruction. Every instrument moves, every lever works. Sit in it! Switch on the ignition! Slowly advance the throttle, ease back the stick and ZOOM . . . you're off on the greatest adventure of your life . . . AND . . . it's absolutely safe!



Here's your machine gun and cannon sight. You see enemy planes pass before your gun sight. Spot your foe carefully in the cross hairs. Identify him correctly, pull the trigger, and if you are right, you will get him and see him burst into flames right before your very eyes



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Two Rudder Pedals are pushed down with right and left foot. Spring action causes them to come back up when foot pressure is released, giving you real plane action.

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I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return within 5 days and get purchase price back.

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